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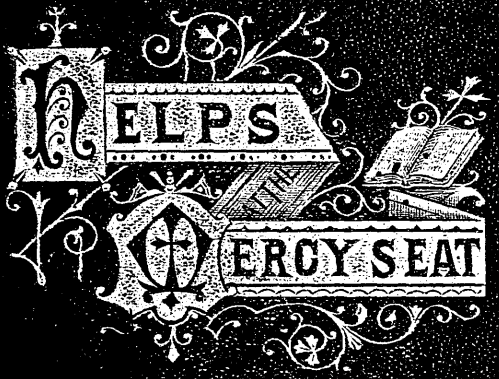

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BY

REV. JOHN M. PUTNAM.

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None can ever ask too much.

"Pray without ceasing."

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THIS little book is presented to the eye of the Christian public, with the earnest hope that it may prove eminently useful in promoting piety at heart, and love of communion with God; that its pages, as little waves, may help waft onward many a soul to the New Jerusalem, the City of the living God.

J. M. PUTNAM.

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Morning Devotions.

"And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." — ST. MARK i. 35.

NEW mercies, each returning day,
Hover round us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Morning Devotions.

"My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord! in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up." — Ps. v. 3.

THE morning breaks! glory to God
Most high! the God of boundless might;
Being from whom all goodness flows,
Great Giver of all life and light.

To Thee I raise my waking eyes;
To Thee lift up my soul to pray:
My God, I bless Thee for the light,
The glories of the opening day.

Help me, this day, to do Thy will;
My pathway gild with light divine;
Inspire my soul with peace and love,
And henceforth make me wholly Thine.

Let me not heed the tempter's wiles,
Nor from Thy counsels turn aside;
In all my thoughts and words and deeds,
May Thy good Spirit be my guide.

GOD turneth the shadow of death into the morning, and reneweth the face of the earth.

I laid me down and slept, and rose up again; for the Lord sustained me.

His compassions fail not: they are new every morning.

Blot out as the night, O Lord! all my transgressions; and scatter my sins, as the morning cloud.

Oh, let me hear Thy loving-kindness betimes in the morning! for in Thee is my trust. Show Thou me the way that I should walk in, for I lift up my soul unto Thee.

O Lord! preserve my going out and coming in, from this time forth for evermore.

Let Thy presence go with us throughout this day; and do Thou give us rest.

And the glorious Majesty of the Lord our God be upon us. Prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us; oh, prosper Thou our handy work!

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

"Evening and morning and at noon will I pray, and cry aloud; and He shall hear my voice."—Ps. lv. 17.

BEGIN the day with God!
He is thy sun and day;
He is the radiance of thy dawn,
To him address thy lay.

Sing a new song at morn;
Join the glad woods and hills;
Join the fresh winds, and seas and plains;
Join the bright flowers and rills.

Take thy first walk with God;
Let Him go forth with Thee;
By stream or sea or mountain-path,
Seek still His company.

Thy first transaction be
With God Himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all the day be love.

"My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning." — Ps. v. 3.

FATHER, while the shades of night
Fly before the crimson dawn,
Heavenward speeds my soul her flight,
Gladdened by the day, new born.

Through all the labors of this day,
Let Thy hand sustain me still;
Through all perils guard my way,
Make me strong to do Thy will.

Let my day dawn calm and bright,
Where no eye for ever weeps, —
Where for ever comes no night,
Where eternal sunshine sleeps.

"Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise, with healing in his wings." — MAL. iv. 2.

SHINE in my soul, and light and joy impart,
O blessed Jesus, Sun of my dark heart;
Oh cause therein the light of truth to shine;
Show me each crooked winding of my heart;
Change and renew it so in every part,
That my whole nature be transformed to Thine.

Lord, in Thy light, oh let me walk this day, —
By Thy love prompted, act, and speak, and pray.
As a new creature it becomes to do,
Whose aim it is, in all his words and ways,
To set forth duly his Creator's praise,
And new in heart, in life be also new.

I pray not, 'take my troubles all away';
It is for love to *bear* them that I pray,
And firm belief that all is for my good;
That every trouble must be kindly meant,
Since from the hands of Him it has been sent,
Who is my loving Father and my God.

I pray not that my days may smoothly run;
Ah no! I pray, "Thy will alone be done!"
Yet give a childlike trusting heart to me:
Should the earth seek to draw my spirit down,
Oh let my heart continue still Thine own,
And draw me upward from the earth to Thee.

I pray not, Lord, that Thou wilt quickly end
The griefs and troubles Thou art pleased to send;
Be Thou my peace in every trying hour.
I ask not Heaven at once to enter in,
But ere I die, that I may die to sin;
Be Thou its death: destroy its guilt and power.

FROM the night our spirit awaketh unto Thee, O God! for Thy precepts are a light unto us. Teach us, O God! Thy righteousness, Thy commandments, and Thy judgments. Enlighten the eyes of our mind, that we sleep not in sins unto death. Drive away all darkness from our hearts. Vouchsafe us the Sun of Righteousness. Guard our life from all

reproach, by the seal of Thy Holy Spirit. Guide our steps into the way of peace. Grant us to behold the dawn and the day with joyfulness, that we may send up to Thee our prayers at eventide. Amen.

OUR Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.

Evening Devotions.

"Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." — LUKE xxiv. 29.

"He shall give his angels charge over thee." — LUKE iv. 10.

"Let the lifting up of my hands be as the evening sacrifice. — PS. xiv. 2.

Evening Devotions.

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."—Ps. iv. 8.

WHEN night o'er earth her mantle spreads,
And darkening shades the skies invest,
'Tis sweet to put aside all care,
And lay the body down to rest.

O Thou who hast an ear to hear,
When contrite souls before Thee bend,
Do Thou now listen to my prayer,
Thy Spirit's gracious influence send.

Apply the Saviour's precious blood,
Wash all my stains of guilt away,
Hold me in Thy paternal arms,
Nor let me ever from Thee stray.

With loving-kindness compass Thou
My bed; my every thought control;
And let the bosom of Thy love,
Be the sweet pillow of my soul.

So shall I rest in perfect peace,
From every anxious thought made free:
No evil has the soul to fear,
That puts its trust, O God, in Thee.

HEAR me when I call, O God of my righteousness: Thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress; have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.

I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for Thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High:

To show forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night.

Let my prayer come before Thee: incline Thine ear unto my cry.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

Make a hedge about us and about our house, and around all that we have round about. Let the angel of God encamp round about us to deliver us; that we may lie down, and none may make us afraid. So shall our sleep be sweet to us.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud; and He shall hear my voice." — Ps. lv. 17.

SAVIOUR, let the evening hours
Dear to us, Thy children, be;
With clasped hands, as folded flowers,
Praying earnestly to Thee,
Let our vesper worship rise,
Incense-like, before Thine eyes: —

Then when that dark even tide
Closes in our life's long day,
And, like some steep mountain side,
Frowns the last and lonesome way,
Bright to us that path shall be,
Found alone, O Lord, with Thee.

"He knoweth what is in the darkness, and the light dwelleth with Him."—DAN. ii. 22.

THE day is past and over,
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
I pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be.
Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
O Jesu! keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.

"The darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee."—Ps. cxxxix. 12.

HEAR my prayer, O Heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep:
Bid the Angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigils keep.
Pardon all my past transgressions,
Give me strength for days to come:
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bid me home.

"My sleep was sweet unto me." — JER. xxxi. 26.

IN darkness let me strength regain
To serve Thee, Lord, in light;
And may the day's best thoughts retain
Sweet influence on the night.

"Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." — LUKE xxiv. 29.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my *Saviour's* breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin:
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

"The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him. All his saints are in Thy hand." — DEUT. xxxiii. 12, 3.

UNDER Thy wings, my God, I rest!
Under Thy shadow safely lie,
By Thine own strength in peace possessed,
While dreaded evils pass me by!
My place of lowly service, too,
Beneath Thy sheltering wings I see;
For all the work I have to do,
Is done through strengthening rest in Thee.

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."—Ps. cxxvii. 2.

GOD of my life! God of each day and night,
Oh, keep Thou me till life's short race is run,
Until there dawn the long, long day of light,
That knows no night, yet needs no star nor sun.

Above us is Thy hand, with tender care,
Distilling over us the dew of sleep:
Darkness seems loaded with oblivious air,
In deep forgetfulness each sense to steep.

Thou hast provided midnight's hour of peace;
Thou stretchest over us the wing of rest;
With more than all a parent's tenderness,
Foldest us, sleeping, to Thy gentle breast.

"Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom, one of His disciples whom Jesus loved."—ST. JOHN xiii. 23.

WHEN the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

"I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." — Ps. iv. 8.

LORD, thine eye is closèd never;
When night casts o'er earth her hood,
Thou remainest wakeful ever,
And art like a shepherd good,
Who, through every darksome hour,
Tends his flock with watchful power.

Grant, O Lord! that we, thy sheep,
May this night in safety sleep;
And when we again awake,
Give us strength our cross to take;
And to order all our ways
To Thine honor and Thy praise.

Or if Thou hast willed that I
Must before the morning die,
Into Thy hands to the end
Soul and body I commend. Amen.

"In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." — ST. JOHN xiv. 2.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er, —
Nearer my Father's home I am
Than e'er I was before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the jasper sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dark abysm:
Closer death to my lips
Presses the awful chrysm.

Father, perfect my trust;
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death, —

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home, —
Nearer now than I think.

"When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid: yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet." — PROV. iii. 24.

NOW, heavenly Father, give repose;
With love's soft hand my eyelids close;
My mind from every care release:
Nor let my spirit be oppressed,
With fitful dreams, that break my rest,
And thus deprive my soul of peace.

Safely and sweetly may I sleep,
While angel-bands their vigils keep,
Encamped as guards around my bed;
And when I wake, O holy Dove,
Light up anew the flame of love,
Thine influence on my spirit shed.

Peaceful as down to rest I lie,
So may I learn in peace to die,
Reposing on my Saviour's breast:
Encircled in his arms of love,
All threatening ills I'll rise above,
Joyful in hope, divinely blest.

When Jordan's dark and cheerless flood,
Shall chill the current of life's blood,
And end fond nature's dying strife, —
Blest Saviour, then Thy love display,
And bid my spirit soar away
To realms of bliss, and endless life.

"At evening time it shall be light." — ZECH. xiv. 7.

COME, Jesus, with the coming night,
Refresh and cheer my weary heart;
At evening time it shall be light,
If thou art near, though day depart.

Welcome this shade that brings release
From hurrying labor's noise and strife;
That calls from restless thoughts to cease,
And calms the throbbing pulse of life.

From tedious toil, from anxious care,
Dear Lord, I turn again to Thee;
Thy presence and Thy smile to share,
Makes every burden light to me.

With Thee, of all sad thoughts beguiled,
Peace nestles in my tranquil breast;
And like a pleased and happy child,
In Thy kind arms I sink to rest.

Till night's dark watches all are gone,
O faithful Shepherd, guard my sleep;
And, when yon mountains greet the dawn,
Give strength my heavenward way to keep.

"Now when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases, brought them unto Him: and He laid His hands on every one of them, and healed them." — ST. LUKE iv. 40.

LAY Thy hand upon me
When I fall asleep;
Through the silent hours
Close beside me keep:
Then the Prince of Darkness,
Ruler of the air,
Will not dare to touch me
If Thy hand is there.

Lay Thy hand upon me,
Tenderly restrain
All too eager longings,
Every impulse vain:
Calm my spirit's chafing,
Restless with long care;
Murmurs melt in silence
When Thy hand is there.

Lay Thy hand upon me,
When I rashly stray
Into paths forbidden,
Choosing my own way.

Ah, how much correction,
  Lord, I have to bear,
Yet must take it meekly
  For Thy hand is there!

Lead me now and always
  Even to the last,
Till the way is ended,
  And the darkness past:
Till I reach the glory
  I was born to share:
This its crown and centre,
  That my Lord is there.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." — Ps. xc. 12.

ANOTHER day is numbered with the past,
  Another night is given us for rest, —
Father, my spirit at Thy feet I cast,
  Oh, gather it unto Thy loving breast!

Nightly Thou sendest rest to all the earth,
  Sendest a time for silence and returning;
O Father! teach me all the holy worth
  Of the still hours when Thy clear stars are burning.

"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." — Ps. lxxiii. 24.

THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest,
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesus, Thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes, —
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

"Come unto *me* all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and *I* will give you *rest*." — ST. MATT. xi. 28.

REST, weary heart,
From all thy silent griefs, and secret pain,
Thy profitless regrets and longings vain:
Wisdom and love have ordered all the past;
All shall be blessedness and light at last;
Cast off thy cares that have so long opprest:
Rest, sweetly rest!

DO Thou, O gracious God, who neither slumberest nor sleepest, be pleased to take us, and all belonging to us, this night into Thy especial care and protection. Defend us from all danger and mischief, and from dread and fear of any; and grant that we may enjoy such quiet and refreshing sleep as may fit us for the duties of the day following. And, O Lord, make us ever mindful of that time when we shall lie down in the dust; and grant us grace always to live in such a state that we may never be afraid or unfit to die; but that whether we live, we may live unto Thee, or whether we die we may die unto Thee; that so living and dying we may be Thine, through the merits and satisfaction of Thy Son, Jesus Christ.

O LORD! grant that whilst I sleep, Thy love may watch over me, and keep guard around my heart. I am a prodigal son; I have wandered far away

into a strange land, where I have lost all my inheritance. I am starving and a beggar: but I know what I will do,—I will return to my Father. I will say to Him, O my Father, I have sinned against heaven and against Thee. Art Thou not the good Shepherd who leaveth his flock to go into the desert after a single wandering sheep? Hast Thou not declared that there is joy in heaven over a single sinner who repents? Thou wilt not, then, despise an humble and contrite heart.

O Lord! watch over my spirit while I wake, and my body while I sleep, that I may sleep in peace and awake in Jesus. Amen.

OUR Father, &c.

Safety in God.

"He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of His eye."—ZECH. ii. 8.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father"—ST. MATT. x. 29.

Safety in God.

"He shall cover thee with His feathers." — Ps. xci. 4.

IN all life's changing scenes and cares, —
Its toils, its conflicts, and its woes, —
Under Thy guardian wing, my God,
I rest secure from all my foes.

Though waves of trouble o'er me roll,
I see in all Thy hand of love:
The storm may rage, the tempest howl,
My steadfast faith still looks above.

When nature's final struggle's past,
The battle fought, the contest o'er, —
And my freed spirit takes its flight,
To dwell midst earthly scenes no more:

Then, Saviour, be Thy chariot near,
To bear me to the upper skies,
Where songs of joy and victory
In strains of holy rapture rise.

There, midst the glories of the Lamb,
And wonders of Thy courts above,
May I enjoy an endless day,
Safe in the bosom of Thy love.

GIVE ear, O Lord, unto my prayer; and attend to the voice of my supplications.

In the day of my trouble, I will call upon Thee: for Thou wilt answer me.

Oh turn unto me, and have mercy upon me.

Show me a token for good.

Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things. And blessed be His glorious name for ever.

They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people, from henceforth even for ever.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." — Ps. lv. 22.

AMID the shadows and the fears
That overcloud this home of tears,
Amid my poverty and sin,
The tempest and the war within,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save e'en me,
Jesus, Thou Son of God!

Drifting across a sunless sea,
Cold, heavy mist encurtaining me;
Toiling along life's broken road,
With snares around, and foes abroad, —
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save e'en me,
Jesus, Thou Son of God!

Mine is a day of fear and strife:
A needy soul, a needy life,
A needy world, a needy age;
Yet, in my perilous pilgrimage,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save e'en me,
Jesus, Thou Son of God!

To Thee I come: ah! only Thou
Canst wipe the sweat from off this brow;
Thou, only Thou, canst make me whole,
And soothe the fever of my soul:
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save e'en me,
Jesus, Thou Son of God!

On Thee I rest: Thy love and grace
Are my sole rock and resting-place;
In Thee, my thirst and hunger sore,
Lord, let me quench for evermore.
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save e'en me,
Jesus, Thou Son of God!

'Tis earth, not heaven; 'tis night, not noon;
The sorrowless is coming soon:
But till the morn of love appears,
Which ends the travail and the tears,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save e'en me,
Jesus, Thou Son of God!

"Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him." — ST. MATT. vi. 8.

"NOW I lay," — "repeat it, darling;"
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending,
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep" — "To sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head dropped low;
"I pray the Lord," I gently added:
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord" — the word came faintly,
Fainter still — "my soul to keep;"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered, —
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

O LORD, for Thy sake I will cheerfully suffer whatsoever shall come on me with Thy permission.

From Thy hand, I am willing to receive indifferently good and evil, sweet and bitter, joy and sorrow; and for all that befalleth me I will be thankful.

Keep me safe from all sin, and I shall fear neither death nor hell. Amen.

OUR Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.

Faith.

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is."— JER. xvii. 7.

"The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs,
Come good or ill:
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will."

Faith.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—1 Tim. vi. 12.

OH for an overcoming faith,
That gains the victory over sin;
That breaks the unhallowed ties of earth,
And gives true peace within.

Faith makes the heavenly visions clear,
Drives painful doubts and fears away:
It brings eternal glories near,
Turns darkness into day.

Though deepest anguish swell the heart,
We need not sink when Christ is near;
He loves to take the mourner's part,
When sinking in despair.

O Lord, do Thou increase my faith!
Let me not doubt Thy love and power
But trust to what Thy Spirit saith,
Though dark the passing hour.

HEAR my cry, O God! attend unto my prayer.

From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

For Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

I will abide under Thy tabernacle for ever: I will trust in the covert of Thy wings.

For Thou, O God! hast heard my vows: Thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear Thy name.

The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower.

I will call upon the Lord, who is worthy to be praised.

The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me.

"For we walk by faith, not by sight."—2 COR. v. 7.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me when I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless, be
A living fire!

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

"Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." — ROM. v. 1.

NOW, when the parting light of day
In night's deep shadow fades away,
Let faith no wildering darkness know,
But night with faith effulgent glow.
Oh, sleepless ever keep the mind,
But guilt in lasting slumber bind!
Let faith our purity renew,
And temper slumber's heavy dew.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." — Ps. lv. 22.

"WHAT Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave.
'Tis enough that *Thou* wilt care;
Why should *I* the burden bear?"

"And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight." — Is. xlii. 16.

THE way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand,
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And, through the gloom,
Lead safely home
Thy child!

The way is dark, my child! but leads to light.
I would not always have thee walk by sight.
My dealings now thou canst not understand.
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,
And, through the gloom,
Lead safely home
My child!

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O Father! take my hand,
And, from the night,
Lead up to light
Thy child!

The day goes fast, my child! But is the night
Darker to me than day? In me is light!
Keep close to me, and every spectral band
Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,
And, through the night,
Lead up to light
My child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal:
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand;
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child!

The way is long, my child! But it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee;
And thou shalt know, at last, when thou shalt stand
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,
And, quick and straight,
Led to heaven's gate
My child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn

And bleeding, mark the way. Yet Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;
Then, safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child!

The path is rough, my child! But oh! how sweet
Will be the rest, for weary pilgrims meet,
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,
And, safe and blest,
With me shall rest
My child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand;
And, reaching down,
Lead to the crown
Thy child!

The cross is heavy, child! Yet there was One
Who bore a heavier for thee, — my Son!
My well beloved! For Him bear thine; and stand
With Him at last; and, from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down,
Receive a crown,
My child.

"For *now* we see through a glass, darkly; but *then* face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 COR. xiii. 11.

I DO not ask, O Lord! that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.
I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better, in darkness, just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.
Joy is like restless day; but peace, divine,
Like quiet night:
Lead me, O Lord! till perfect day shall shine;
Through peace, to light.

"And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight." — Is. xlii. 16.

I KNOW not the way I am going,
But well do I know my Guide;
With a childlike trust, I give my hand
To the mighty Friend by my side.

The only thing that I say to Him,
As He takes it, is, "Hold it fast,
Suffer me not to lose my way,
And bring me home at last."

As when some helpless wanderer,
Alone in an unknown land,
Tells the guide his destined place of rest,
And leaves all else in his hand:
'Tis home, 'tis home that we wish to reach;
He who guides us may choose the way;
Little we heed what path we take,
If nearer home each day.

"Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward. For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise." — HEB. x. 35, 36.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a weanèd child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave.

'Tis enough that Thou wilt care:
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears;
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

O MY God! I would be guided by Thy counsel every step of my walk through life, and strengthened by Thee for every part of my warfare. I pray Thee to deliver me from all evil influences of this present world, while I am going through it to a better. O my God! give me a stranger's temper, and a pilgrim's frame.

Let me live a sojourner here below, that the good things I meet with on my journey may not tempt me to make this my rest; and the evil things I meet with may not lead me to fret and murmur as if God was not my Father, and His heaven my home. Grant me this, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

OUR Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.

The Lord's Prayer.

'Lord, teach us to pray."—St. Luke xi. 1.

The Lord's Prayer.

"He went out into a solitary place, and there PRAYED."—St. Mark i. 35.

FATHER in heaven, all honor to Thy name!
Let nations bow, and celebrate Thy fame:
Thy kingdom come, Thy will on earth be done,
As done by angels round Thy holy throne.

From Thy rich, boundless stores, do Thou supply
Our daily wants: we on Thy grace rely.
In peace with all men we would ever live,
And pray to be forgiven, as we forgive.

Let not temptations lure our feet astray,
But keep us in the straight and narrow way;
Be Thou our Helper in the trying hour,
And let us rise above the Tempter's power.

And now to Thee, Thou God of boundless might,
Whose presence fills the radiant worlds of light,
Be honor, praise, and endless glory given,
By all on earth, and all the hosts of heaven.

I WILL extol thee, my God, O King! and I will bless Thy name for ever and ever.

Every day will I bless Thee; and I will praise Thy name for ever and ever.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and His greatness is unsearchable.

I will speak of the glorious honor of Thy majesty, and of Thy wondrous works.

The Lord is good to all; and His tender mercies are over all His works.

All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord! and Thy saints shall bless Thee.

Thou openest Thy hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

Be merciful unto me, O Lord! for I cry unto Thee daily.

For Thou art great, and doest wondrous things: Thou art God alone.

When ye pray, say:

I.

(Asking for the future blessings of Messiah's kingdom.)

OUR Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name,
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done,
In earth, as it is in heaven.

II.

(Asking for blessings of the present age.)

Give us this day
Our daily bread,
And forgive us our debts
As we forgive our debtors,
And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil. Amen.

After this manner, pray ye:

Our Father which art in heaven:

If we, being evil, know how to give good gifts, how much more shalt Thou, our Heavenly Fa-

ther, give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Thee! Behold, what manner of love Thou hast bestowed upon us, that we should be called Thy sons! Send forth, then, the spirit of Thy Son into our hearts, crying, Abba, Father!

Hallowed be Thy name:

Give us grace to sanctify the Lord God in our hearts; and may He be our fear, and may He be our dread.

Thy kingdom come:

May the kingdom of God, which comes not with observation, which is righteousness, and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, come within us this day.

Let Thy way be known on earth, Thy saving health among all nations.

Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven:

Work in us, O God! both to will and to do of Thy good pleasure.

Father, not my will, but Thine be done.

Thousand thousands minister unto Thee, and ten thousand times ten thousand stand before

Thee. Thou sayest to one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh. So be it among us upon earth, as among the holy angels of Thy presence.

Give us this day our daily bread:

Thou that ministerest seed to the sower, minister bread for our food.

Feed us, in Thy word, with food convenient for us.

Thou art the Bread of Life, blessed Jesus! Vouchsafe to feed us with spiritual food of Thy most precious Body and Blood.

And forgive us our trespasses, &c.:

May the blood of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, cleanse us from all sin! O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, take away my sins!

Lord, lay not the sin of those who trespass against me to their charge.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits! Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases.

And lead us not into temptation:

Suffer us not to be tempted above that we are able; but with every temptation make a way for

us to escape, that we may be able to bear it. As thy days, so shall thy strength be.

But deliver us from evil:

Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Deliver us from this present evil world. We pray not that Thou shouldest take us out of the world; but that Thou shouldest keep us from the evil.

Our adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour. Give us grace to keep ourselves, and let him not touch us, O Lord.

All the promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him amen, unto the glory of God by us.

For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.

"Thy will be done." — MATT. vi.

THY will be done! in devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still my grateful heart shall say,
Thy will be done!

Thy will be done! If o'er me shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer shall make it more divine, —
Thy will be done!

Thy will be done! Though shrouded o'er
My path with gloom, one comfort, one
Is mine, — to breathe, while I adore,
"Thy will be done!"

OUR Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth. Give us day by day our daily bread. And forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.

Old Age.

On he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world is past.

Old Age.

"To be with Christ is far better." — PHIL. i. 23.

WOULDST thou, my aged friend, be young
once more?
Wouldst thou again embark on life's rough sea,
When thou hast nearly reached the wished-for
shore,
The opening portals of eternity?

To take this backward course is not *my* choice:
I ever onward press to gain the prize:
ONWARD! until I hear my Saviour's voice,
Calling me home to mansions in the skies.

I've seen enough of sin and vice and crime, —
Filling the measure of life's cup below;
I see, on high, a fairer, purer clime,
Where, freed from sin, my spirit longs to go.

My faith looks upward to that bliss divine,
Where dear departed friends now live and reign;
Where blood-bought souls in robes of victory
shine,
'Midst the full glories of the Lamb once slain.

LORD, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am.

Behold Thou hast made my days as a hand-breadth; and mine age as nothing before Thee.

And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in Thee.

Be Thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort.

My mouth shall show forth Thy righteousness, and Thy salvation, all the day.

O God, Thou hast taught me from my youth; and hitherto have I declared Thy wondrous works.

Now also, when I am old and gray headed, O God, forsake me not.

For Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy to all them that call upon Thee.

"I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." — PHIL. iii. 14.

ONWARD, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone!
God has set a guardian legion
Very near thee: press thou on.

Listen, Christian, their hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee, — "GOD IS LOVE."
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"UPWARD EVER: HEAVEN'S ABOVE!"

By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother;
Jesus trod it, — press thou on!

Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, oh, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release!

Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
Pray, as thy Saviour prayed, "Father,
Not my will, but Thine, be done!"

"For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise. For yet a little while and he that shall will come, and will not tarry." — HEB. x. 36, 37.

OH! for the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert-places bloom and smile
Oh! for a faith to grasp heaven's bright "for ever,"
Amid the shadows of earth's "little while."

"A little while" for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong;
"A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest-song.

"A little while" to wear the robe of sadness,
To toil with weary step through erring ways;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle of the robe of praise.

"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." — PROV. xvi. 31.

LIFE! We have been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.

Then steal away; give little warning;
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-night; but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning!

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me." — Ps. xxiii. 4.

WHEN the leaves of life are falling,
When the shadows flit appalling,
When the twilight voice is calling, —
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When youth's verdure all is fading,
When I pass into the shading,
Life's long load at last unlading, —
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When the frost of time has found me,
When the chains of age have bound me,
When the evening mists surround me, —
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When the worn-out flesh is sinking,
When from burdens it is shrinking,
And from earthly ties unlinking, —
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

Ah, Thou wilt not then forsake me,
Strong in weakness Thou wilt make me,
To Thy bosom Thou wilt take me, —
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

O LORD God, Thou hast begun to show Thy servant Thy greatness, and Thy mighty hand; go on, I pray Thee, to work for the glory of Thy name, and to perfect that which concerns me . . . Lord, make me faithful unto death, that Thou mayest give me the crown of life, that blessed end of my faith, even the eternal salvation of my soul, through Jesus Christ, my dear Lord and Saviour. Amen.

LORD, grant that the approach of eternity may urge me to greater diligence in Thy service. May I have my loins girded and my lamp burning. May I spend each day, and this day, as if it were to be my last. When the shadows of even-

ing gather around me, may I feel that I have spent a day for God. Nearer a dying hour, — may it find me nearer heaven. Amen.

OUR Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.

The Holy Spirit.

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"—St. Luke xi. 13.

The Holy Spirit.

"He will guide you into all truth." — MATT. xvi. 13.

BLEST Comforter, Spirit divine!
Do Thou Thy gracious influence lend;
Visit this anxious breast of mine,
With Thy reviving power descend.

'Tis Thine to sanctify the heart,
And make the guilty conscience pure;
To bid all sinful thoughts depart,
And perfect holiness secure.

As Jesus died, that I might live,
And rise above the power of sin,
Oh, let me His pure spirit have,
And here on earth a heaven begin!

Oh, make me holy, more and more
Like happy souls that dwell on high!
Where, with glad voices, they adore,
In heaven-taught strains that never die.

YE have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. Likewise the Spirit helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered. He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because He maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God.

God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father.

When the Spirit of Truth is come, He will guide you into all truth; . . . and He will show you things to come.

I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter.

If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.

The Holy Ghost shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your re-

membrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God.

"The anointing which ye have received of Him abideth in you."— 1 JOHN ii. 27.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us on earth to dwell.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And whispers us of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every virtue won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His, and His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
Purer and worthier Thee!

"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever."—ST. JOHN xiv. 16.

COME, Holy Ghost, in love
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
Oh, come to-day!

Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!

Come, Light serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no down but Thine,
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

Exalt our low desires ;
Extinguish passion's fires ;
  Heal every wound :
Our stubborn spirits bend ;
Our icy coldness end ;
Our devious steps attend,
  While heavenward bound.

Come, all the faithful bless ;
Let all who Christ profess,
  His praise employ :
Give virtue's rich reward ;
Victorious death accord ;
And, with our glorious Lord,
  Eternal joy.

"I will send Him unto you." — ST. JOHN xvi. 7.

O HOLY Comforter,
  I hear
Thy blessed name with throbbing heart,
Pressed oft with sorrow, sin, and fear,
And pierced with many a venomed dart ;
  Come, Messenger divine ;
  Come, cheer this heart of mine.

O Holy Comforter,
I know
Thou art not to dull sense revealed:
Thou com'st unseen as the sweet flow
Of the soft wind that wooes the field;
Breathe, Messenger divine,
Breathe on this soul of mine.

O Holy Comforter,
Thy light
Is light eternal and serene;
Shine Thou, and on my ravished sight
Visions shall break of things unseen;
Come, Messenger divine,
Make these bright glimpses mine.

O Holy Comforter,
Thy love
O'erfloweth as the flooding sea;
Give me its tenderness to prove,
Then shall my heart o'erflow to Thee;
Come, Messenger divine,
Fill Thou this breast of mine.

O Holy Comforter,
Thy grace
Is life and health and hope and power;

By this I can each cross embrace,
Can triumph in the darkest hour;
Come, Messenger divine,
The strength of grace be mine.

O Holy Comforter,
Thy peace,
The peace of God, impart, and keep
Unruffled till life's tumults cease,
And all its angry tempests sleep;
Come, Messenger divine,
Thy perfect peace be mine.

"Lord, Thou hast heard the desire of the humble: Thou wilt prepare their heart, Thou wilt cause Thine ear to hear."—Ps. x. 17.

RENEW us, Holy One!
Oh, purge us in Thy fire!
Refine us in Thy flame;
Consume each low desire:
Prepare us as a sacrifice,
Well pleasing in Thine eyes.

Far from Thee we have lived,
  Exiles from home and Thee;
Oh, bring us back in love, —
  End our captivity!
Be Thou the way we wend;
Be Thou that way's blest end.

Glory to the Father be;
  Glory to the equal Son:
Glory to the Spirit be;
  Glory to the Three-in-one!
Spirit, 'tis Thy breath divine
Makes these hearts to burn and shine.

"I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes." — EZEK. xxxvi. 27.

DEAR Comforter! Eternal Love!
  If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
  I'll build a house for Thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine,
  But Thou, my heavenly guest!
Let no one have it, then, but Thee;
  And let it be thy rest!

COME, Holy Spirit, and bring from heaven a ray of Thy light. Come, Thou Father of the poor, Thou giver of gifts, Thou light of the world, the blessed Comforter, the dear guest of the soul, and its sweet refreshment, — Thou our repose in labor, our coolness in heat, our comfort in affliction! O most blessed Spirit! fill full the hearts of Thy faithful people. Without Thy influence there is nothing in man which is not weakness and guilt. Oh! cleanse that which is sordid; bedew that which is dried up; heal that which is wounded; bend that which is stubborn; cherish in thy bosom that which is cold; guide that which is wandering; and grant unto Thy servants, putting their trust in Thee, the merit of Thy righteousness; grant them final salvation; grant them everlasting joy! O Lord! hear our prayer, and let our cry come unto Thee.

OUR Father, &c.

The Sabbath.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice, and be glad in it."— Ps. cxviii. 24.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light!
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
Thou art a holy ladder,
Where angels go and come;
Each Sabbath finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven our home.
A day of sweet reflection,
Thou art a day of love;
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

The Sabbath.

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day."—Rev. i. 10.

HAIL, holy day! I love thee well!
The day on which my Saviour rose,—
Conquered the powers of death and hell,
And triumphed over all His foes.

Blest Sabbath day, I love thee well!
Emblem art thou of rest in heaven,
Where ransomed souls in glory dwell,
And everlasting peace is given.

Sweet day of rest, I love thee well!
Thy dawning light with joy I greet;
I love to hear thy deep-toned bell,
Which bids the great assembly meet.

Oh, may I spend this holy day
In prayer, and praise, and deeds of love;
Thus may I here prepare the way
To join in nobler praise above.

HOW amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts.

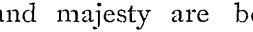
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

Honor and majesty are before Him; strength and beauty are in His sanctuary.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name; bring an offering, and come into His courts.

Oh, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before Him all the earth.



"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. For he that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from His." — HEB. iv. 9, 10.

CHRIST'S servants, while they dwell below,
Six days of this world's labor know;
Six days to bear the cross have they,
And o'er hell's powers to force the way.

But when the conflict shall be o'er,
And conquered sin can harm no more,
The soul, released from fleshly chain,
Shall life's eternal Sabbath gain.

Then, then, that Sabbath shall ensue,
Whose end no eye shall ever view;
When this our flesh, from sin set free,
Shall put on immortality."

Entering the Sanctuary, bow the head, and say, —

LORD, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honor dwelleth.

That I may show the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all Thy wondrous works.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple.

When Thou saidst, Seek ye my face,

my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

Open me the gates of righteousness, that I may go into them, and give thanks unto the Lord.

After the Benediction, bow the head, and say,—

WE have been abundantly satisfied with the fatness of Thy house, and Thou hast made us drink of the river of Thy pleasure: for with Thee is the fountain of life, in Thy light shall we see Light.

Thou hast brought us to Thy mountain, and made us joyful in the house of prayer; and we have found it good for us to draw near to God.

We have had reason to say that a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand, and that it is better to be a door-keeper in the house of our God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. For the Lord God is a sun and shield: He will give grace and glory, and no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly. O Lord

of Hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee.

Now grant us, Lord, to hold fast that which we have received, that no man take our crown. And keep it always in the imaginations of the thoughts of our hearts, and prepare our hearts unto Thee. Amen.

"This do in remembrance of me." — 1 COR. xi. 24.

LOVE strong as death, nay, stronger,
Love mightier than the grave,
Broad as the earth, and longer
Than ocean's widest wave:
This is the love that sought us,
This is the love that bought us,
This is the love that brought us
To gladdest day from saddest night,
From deepest shame to glory bright,
From depths of death to life's fair height,
From darkness to the joy of light:
This is the love that leadeth
Us to His TABLE here;
This is the love that spreadeth
For us this royal cheer.

"O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. For He is our God; and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand." — Ps. xcv. 6.

BLESSED Jesus, at Thy word
We are gathered all to hear Thee;
Let our heart and souls be stirred,
Now to seek and love and fear Thee;
By Thy teachings sweet and holy
Drawn from earth to love Thee solely.

All our knowledge, sense, and sight
Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
Till Thy Spirit breaks our night
With the beams of truth unclouded;
Thou alone to God canst win us,
Thou must work all good within us.

Glorious Lord, Thyself impart!
Light of light from God proceeding,
Open Thou our ears and heart,
Help us by Thy Spirit's pleading;
Hear the cry Thy people raises, —
Hear, and bless our prayers and praises.

"Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation." — Is. xxviii. 16.

HARK! the Church proclaims her honor,
And her strength is only this:
God hath laid His choice upon her,
And the work she doth is His.

He His church hath firmly founded,
He will guard what He began;
We, by sin and foes surrounded,
Build our bulwarks as we can.

Frail and fleeting are our powers,
Short our days, our foresight dim;
And we own the choice not ours,
We were chosen first by Him.

Onward, then! for nought despairing,
Calm we follow at his word;
Thus, through joy and sorrow, bearing
Faithful witness to our Lord.

Though we here must strive with weakness,
Though in tears we often bend,
What His might began in weakness
Shall achieve a glorious end.

"If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words:

"Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." — Is. lviii. 13, 14.

LIGHT of light, enlighten me,
Now anew the day is dawning;
Sun of grace, the shadows flee,
Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning;
With Thy joyous sunshine blest,
Happy be my day of rest!

Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me:
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless Thy word, that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

Kindle Thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No stronger fire within me glow,
That thine altar doth not know.

Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, Holy, Holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to Thee upspringing,
Have a foretaste inly given
How they worship Thee in Heaven.

Rest in me and I in Thee,
Build a paradise within me;
Oh, reveal Thyself to me!
Blessed Love, who diedst to win me;
Fed from Thine exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy;
Come, Thou glorious Majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Nought to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in Thy love.

"In Thy light shall we see life." — Ps. xxxvi. 9.

STEALING from the world away,
We are come to seek Thy face;
Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,
Grant us Thy reviving grace.

"O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. For He is our God; and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand." — Ps. xcv. 6.

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Build a paradise within me;
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Fed from Thine exhaustless urn,
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For the day to God is holy;
Come, Thou glorious Majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Nought to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in Thy love.

"In Thy light shall we see life." – Ps. xxxvi. 9.

STEALING from the world away,
We are come to seek Thy face;
Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,
Grant us Thy reviving grace.

Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with Thy perfect love.

"And God did rest the seventh day from all his works. There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."— HEB. iv. 4, 9.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in Thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

"The veil of the temple was rent in twain, from the top to the bottom." — ST. MARK xv. 38.

"The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship Him." — St. JOHN iv. 23.

I'LL worship the Lord in His house,
I'll haste with the church-going throng,
At His altar to offer my vows,
And join in the festival song.

I'll worship the Lord with the few
Sojourners who meet by the way;
To muse of the Canaan in view,
And for strength of their pilgrimage pray.

I'll worship the Lord in the ring,
When brothers and sisters unite;
Every morning his goodness to sing,
His mercy and truth every night.

But, oh! there's a temple besides, —
A temple the world ne'er hath known, —
Where ministering silence presides,
And the heart is the altar alone.

To the High-Priest Himself I'll draw near,
To His own mercy-seat in the heaven,
When the voice of His love meets mine ear,
Go in peace, — thy sins are forgiven.

"Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house."— Ps. lxxxiv. 4.

HOW sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When, at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer.

The breèzes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their bursting sighs,
And sends His blessings down.

So Jesus rose to pray,
Before the morning light;
Once on the chilling mount did stay
And wrestle all the night.

Glory to God on high,
Who sends His blessings down,
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make His people one.

"We have thought of Thy loving kindness, O God, in the midst of Thy temple." — Ps. xlviii. 9.

AGAIN as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls ;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace ;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care !

O God, our light ! to Thee we bow ;
Within all shadows standest Thou ;
Give deeper calm than night can bring,
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain ;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell !

I BESEECH Thee, my most gracious God, preserve me from the cares of this life, lest I should be too much entangled therein; and from the many necessities of the body, lest I should be ensnared by pleasure; and from whatever is an obstacle to the soul, lest, broken with troubles, I should be overthrown.

Let me not be overcome, O Lord! let me not be overcome by flesh and blood; let not the world and the brief glory thereof deceive me.

Give me strength to resist, patience to endure, and constancy to persevere. Amen.

MOST gracious God, who strengthenest the weak, and renewest the weary, and givest to Thy faithful servants a peace which the world can neither give nor take away, may this season of heavenly rest be entirely free from sin, as from labor and

worldly care; and let Thy grace abound in our hearts that we may be in the Spirit on this Lord's Day. Amen.

AS it is only with Thee, O my Saviour! that I can be happy, I would never leave Thee any more: sooner than that I should depart from Thee, under whatever plausible pretences, let my way be hedged up, and let thorns grow all around me. Let me quickly discover and crucify every thing which would intercept the manifestations of Thy love, or diminish mine. Amen.

Our Lambs.

"And I will establish my covenant between me and thee, and thy seed after thee, in their generations, for an everlasting covenant; to be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee."— GEN. xvii. 7.

"Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."— MATT. xviii. 14.

Our Lambs.

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."— ST. MATT. xix. 14.

THOU that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed
Lay Thy hand about my head;
Let me feel Thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

Once Thou wert in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger-shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house:
Now Thou art above the sky:
Canst Thou hear a baby cry?

Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since Thou art so far away :
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once on mother's knee
Wert a little one like me.

Now I lay me down to sleep ;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

"In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."—MATT. xviii. 10.
"And they shall see His face."—REV. xxii. 4.

I WANT to be an angel,
And with the angels stand ;
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd make the sweetest music,
And praise Him day and night.

I never should be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessèd, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight;
And, with ten thousand thousand,
Praise Him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live!
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh, send a shining angel,
To bear me to the sky!

Oh, there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand;
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand!
And there before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise Him day and night.

"And the Lord came, and stood and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth." — 1 SAM. iii. 10.

HUSHED was the evening hymn;
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

Oh, give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord!
Alive, and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy Word;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

Oh, give me Samuel's heart!
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,

Or watches at Thy gates ;
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

Oh, give me Samuel's mind !
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death ;
That I may read, with childlike eyes,
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." — PROV. xxii. 6.

"I will bring him, that he may appear before the Lord, and there abide for ever." — 1 SAM. i. 22.

ANOTHER little private
Mustered in
The army of temptation
And of sin.

Another soldier arming
For the strife,
To fight the toilsome battles
Of a life.

Another little sentry
Who will stand
On guard, while evil prowls
On every hand.

Lord, our little darling
Guide and save,
'Mid the perils of the march
To the grave.

"He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom." — Is. xl. 11.

JESUS, tender shepherd, hear me;
Bless the little lamb to-night:
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care:
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me when I die to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." — ST. MATT. xix. 14.

LEAD them, my God, to Thee,
Lead them to Thee,
E'en these dear babes of mine
Thou gavest me.
Oh, by Thy love divine,
Lead them, my God, to Thee,
Safely to Thee.

What though my faith is dim,
Wavering and weak,
Yet still I come to Thee,
Thy grace to seek, —
Daily to plead with Thee;
Lead them, my God, to Thee,
Safely to Thee.

When earth looks bright and fair,
Festive and gay,
Let no delusive snare
Lure me astray;
But from temptation's power
Lead them, my God, to Thee,
Safely to Thee.

E'en for such little ones
  Christ came a child,
And through this world of sin
  Moved undefiled;
Oh, for His sake, I pray,
Lead them, my God, to Thee,
  Lead them to Thee.

Yes: though my faith be dim,
  I would believe
That Thou this precious gift
  Wilt now receive;
Oh, take their young hearts now,
Lead them, my God, to Thee,
  Safely to Thee.

Lead them, my God, to Thee,
  Lead them to Thee;
Though 'twere my dying breath,
  I'd cry to Thee,
With yearning agony,
Lead them, my God, to Thee,
  Lead them to Thee.

"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd: He shall gather the lambs in His arm, and carry them in His bosom."—Is. xl. 11.

SEEING I am Jesus' lamb,
Ever glad at heart I am,
O'er my shepherd kind and good,
Who provides me daily food;
And His lamb by name doth call,
For He knows and loves us all.

Guided by His gentle staff,
Where the sunny pastures laugh,
I go in and out, and feed,
Lacking nothing that I need;
When I thirst, my feet He brings
To the fresh and living springs.

Must I not rejoice for this?
He is mine, and I am His,
And when these bright days are past,
Safely in His arms at last,
He will bear me home to Heaven;
Ah, what joy hath Jesus given!

"If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?" — ST. MATT. xviii. 12.

O TENDER Shepherd, gather my lamb
Into Thy fold!
How can I sleep while he is astray
On the mountains cold?

Behold, I watch through the perilous night
With dreary fears;
Seeking my lamb with longing eyes,
That are dim with tears.

O infinite Heart, that for such as he
Bore mortal woe!
Is he not dearer to Thee than to me,
Though I love Him so?

Seeking my lamb on the mountain-side
And wastes forlorn,
I meet Thee, Shepherd, with bleeding feet
And crown of thorn.

And while, thus watching, I hope and pray
The long night through,
It is comfort and rest to feel and know
Thou art watching too.

And surely Thou, with Thy rod and staff,
Will fold him in
Safe, safe at last from the snares of the foe
And the wilds of sin.

Oh! if he came not, my soul would stand
At the pearly gate,
Missing my lamb from the heavenly fold,
And weep and wait.

Speak to me, comfort me Lord, of life!
Make me sure of this,
That he will be with me before Thy throne
In the world of bliss.

"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."—Is. xl. 11.

AH, Jesu Christ, my Lord most dear,
As Thou wast once an infant here,
So give this little child, I pray,
Thy grace and blessing day by day:
Ah, Jesu, Lord divine,
Guard me this babe of mine!

Since in Thy heavenly kingdom, Lord,
All things obey Thy lightest word,
Do Thou Thy mighty succor give,
And shield my child by morn and eve:
Ah, Jesu, Lord divine,
Guard me this babe of mine!

Thy watch let angels round me keep,
Where'er it be, awake, asleep;
Thy holy cross now let it bear,
That it Thy crown with saints may wear:
Ah, Jesu, Lord divine,
Guard me this babe of mine!

Now sleep, oh, sleep, my little child,
Jesus will be thy playmate mild;
Sweet dreams He sendeth thee, I trow,
That full of goodness Thou mayst grow:
Ah, Jesu, Lord divine,
Guard me this babe of mine!

So He who hath all love and might,
Bids thee good-morrow and good-night;
Blest in His name thou daily art,
My child, thou darling of my heart:
Ah, Jesu, Lord divine,
Guard me this babe of mine!

"I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. There shall be one fold and one shepherd." —ST. JOHN x. 11, 16.

SAVIOUR who Thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share,—

Now these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

Never from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness so loving
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

WE thank Thee, most merciful Father, for all Thy goodness to us; for keeping us alive, for giving us food to eat, clothes to wear, a house to live in, kind friends to take care of us, kind teachers to instruct us; but, above all, for sending Thy dear Son into the world to save us from sin and eternal death, and for giving us the Bible, the Church, and the Sunday school, in which to learn our duty towards Thee. And we beseech Thee to give us grace, that we may show our thankfulness by living so as to please Thee both in will and deed; through Jesus Christ, our Lord, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, world without end. Amen.

LORD Jesus Christ, who didst take little children in Thine arms, and bless them, and to whom the children in the temple cried Hosanna! now that Thou

hast ascended up to the right hand of the Father, let Thy love continue with us, lift us up in the arms of Thy mercy, make us glad to sing Thy praises in the sanctuary, and to follow Thee faithfully all the days of our lives; whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, we worship and glorify as one God, world without end. Amen.

OUR Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.

Night Watches.

"When I remember Thee upon my bed, and meditate on Thee in the night watches.

"Because Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice." — Ps. lxiii. 6, 7.

Night Watches.

"I prevented the dawning of the morning, and cried."—Ps. cxix. 147.

WHEN, oh, when shall these weary nights be past?
When shall the morning dawn, the daystar rise,
And night's sad, silent watchings have an end?
O Father! lead me to that home above,
Where heavy-laden souls find perfect rest,
And every tongue is vocal with Thy praise.
Oh, let me go where my blest Saviour is,
To sing the glorious, everlasting song,
"WORTHY THE LAMB; FOR HE WAS SLAIN FOR US:"
A song more rich than angels ever sing,
Or seraphs chant before the eternal throne.
There, bliss knows no alloy. No night is there;
But one eternal DAY for ever shines,
Its radiance lighted from the throne of God.
Here, in the flesh, my burdened spirit groans,
And longs to be delivered from all sin.

O Father! take me to Thy home above,
To dwell for ever with that glorious throng,
Where every bosom glows with holy love,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more!

I WILL bless the Lord who hath given me counsel: my reins also instruct me in the night seasons.

Thou hast visited me in the night: Thou hast tried me.

I call to remembrance my song in the night: I commune with mine own heart.

I have remembered Thy name, O Lord! in the night; and I have kept Thy laws.

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

The darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shines as the day.

In Thy light shall we see light.

Oh, send out Thy light and Thy truth; let them lead me; let them bring me unto Thy holy hill.

"My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning." — Ps. cxxx. 6.

IN silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness do I seek,
O God! but Thee?

And if there weigh upon my breast
Vague memories of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing why, I fly to Thee,
And lay them down.

Or if it be the gloom that comes
In token of impending ill,
My bosom heeds not what it is,
Since 'tis Thy will.

For, oh, in spite of constant care,
Or aught beside, how joyfully
I pass that solitary hour,
My God, with Thee!

More tranquil than the stilly night,
More peaceful than that voiceless hour,
Supremely blest, my bosom lies
Beneath Thy power.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation." — Ps. xxvii. 1.

THE pall of night o'ershades the earth,
And hides the tints of day:
O Thou to whom no night comes near,
Dread Judge! to Thee I pray.

That Thou wilt all my guilt remove,
And my lost peace restore;
And of Thy mercy grant that I
May grieve Thy heart no more.

The guilty soul, which all too long
In lethargy hath lain,
Yearns to cast off her load, and seek
Her Saviour's face again.

Expel from her the darkness, Lord,
Of her internal night;
Renew her bliss, — renew in her
Thy beatific light.

"Wearisome nights are appointed to me." — Job vii. 3.

THEE, O Christ! alone we know;
Other suns are none below.
All the night to Thee we cry,
Hear our tears, our song, our sigh;
Watch our senses through the night,
Keep us till the morning light.
Show Thy face, and, with its ray,
Shine these shadows into day.

"God, who giveth songs in the night." — Job xxxv. 10.

SONGS in the night full oft are given,
Soft breathing from the air of heaven
Soft zephyrs to the soul,
The pilgrim's lonely heart to cheer,
And bring celestial glories near,
By their divine control.

Songs in the night kind Heaven supplies,
When cares and trials round us rise,
Our comforts to destroy:
They bid the tempter far retire,
And fill the soul with holy fire,
Celestial peace and joy.

Songs in the night of sorrow's power,
Affliction's tempest, death's dark hour,
The pilgrim yet will sing;
He'll shout with faith's uplifted eye,
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

"He continued all night in prayer to God." — ST. LUKE vi. 12.

MY God, now I from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take;
From midnight terror me secure,
And guide my heart from thoughts impure.

Blest Jesus, Thou on Heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent;
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine own sacrifice;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High: to shew forth Thy loving kindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night."—Ps. xcii. 1, 2.

LORD, the shades of night surround us,
Homeward come Thy wandering sheep,
Throw thy sheltering arms around us,
Safe from every danger keep:
Poor and needy,
Oh, protect us while we sleep!

Praise we bring for every blessing
O'er us, like the dew-drops, shed;
May we, Thy rich grace possessing,
Rest in peace the weary head:
Holy angels,
Fold your pinions round our bed.

When this day of life is ended,
When its hopes and fears are o'er,
By a Saviour's love befriended,
Guide us to the heavenly shore:
Oh, receive us,
Where the light shall fade no more!

"Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still." — Ps. iv. 4.

'TIS Nature's time for prayer:
The silent praises of the glorious sky,
And the earth's orisons profound and high,
To heaven their breathings bear.

Softly the moonbeams shine
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
While all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze
Steal through the slumbering vine.

Father, my soul would be
Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew;
And as the stars, whose nightly course is true,
So would I be to Thee.

"The Lord God is a sun and shield." — Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

IF Thou, Lord, art my shield and sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

From evil secure, and its dread,
I rest, if my Saviour be nigh;
And songs his kind presence, indeed,
Shall in the night season supply.

His smiles and his comforts abound,
His grace as the dew shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul He delights to defend.

"We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day-dawn, and the daystar arise in your hearts." — 2 PETER i. 12.

THE star that heralds in the morn
Is fading in the skies;
The darkness melts: O Thou true Light!
Upon our souls arise.

Steep all our senses in Thy beam,
The world's false light expel;
Purge each defilement from the soul,
And in our bosoms dwell.

Come, early Faith! fix in our hearts
Thy root immovably;
Come, smiling Hope! and last, not least,
Immortal Charity!

O THOU who dost never slumber nor sleep, whose vigilance is eternal! grant me Thy care and Thy love during the silent watches of this night. Filled with heavenly contemplations, may my

moments of watching be pleasant. Blessed with Thy divine presence and favor, may my sleep be refreshing, and may my very dreams bring me "nearer, my God, to Thee." Amen.

O BLESSED God, who neither slumberest nor sleepest! take us into Thy gracious keeping for this night, and make us mindful of that night when the noise of this busy world shall be heard by us no more. O Lord, in whom we trust! preserve us from faithless fears and worldly anxieties, and grant that no clouds of this mortal life may hide from us the light of that love which is immortal, and which Thou hast manifested unto us in Thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Grant that we may so live, that at last, as now, our evening song may be: I will lay me down in peace and sleep; for Thou, Lord, makest me dwell in safety. Amen.

OUR Father, &c.

Prayer.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you." — ST. JOHN xvi. 23.

WHEN is the time for prayer?
In *every hour*, while life is spared to thee;
In crowds, or solitude, in joy or care,
Thy thoughts should heavenward flee:
At home, at morn and eve, with loved ones there,
Bend thou the knee in prayer!

Prayer.

"Pray without ceasing." — 1 THESS. v. 17.

HOW precious is the throne of grace,
Where saints pour out their souls in prayer!
What blessings cluster round the place!
How rich the joys that centre there!

There is no place this side of heaven
So much to be desired as this;
No spot where sweeter joys are given,
Or where we feel a purer bliss.

Here, from the storms of life, we find
A resting-place, a sure retreat:
Leaving all earthly cares behind,
With joy we seek the mercy-seat.

Here we have foretastes of the bliss
Felt in the glorious realms above,
Where angels dwell, where Jesus is,
And every bosom glows with love.

My God, give me a heart to prize this place;
Oh, may I prize it more and more!
'Tis here Thou dost impart fresh grace,
And manifest Thy power.

UNTO Thee will I cry, O Lord, my rock! be not silent to me.

Hear the voice of my supplications, when I cry unto Thee, when I lift up my hands toward Thy holy oracle.

Be merciful unto me, O God! be merciful unto me; for my soul trusteth in Thee: yea, in the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge.

Give ear to my prayer, O God! and hide not Thyself from my supplication.

As for me, I will call upon God, and the Lord shall save me.

Evening and morning, and at noon, will I cry aloud; and He shall hear my voice.

Remember, O Lord! Thy tender mercies and Thy loving kindnesses, for they have been ever of old.

Blessed is the man who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation.

Unto Thy hand I commit my spirit; Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth!

"We know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered." — ROM. viii. 26.

"He ever liveth to make intercession." — HEB. viii. 25.

O THOU, the contrite sinners' friend,
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me!

When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh, plead for me!

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." — Is. xl. 31.

MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The hour of prayer?
Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of faith upborne,
The world I leave.

PRAY, though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears.
An answer — not that you sought for,
But diviner — will come one day:
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive and wait and pray.

"When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." — ST. MATT. vi. 6.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
When none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in Heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempest driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

"My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning." — Ps. cxxx. 6.

AS down the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So deep in my heart the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee.
My God! silent to Thee,
Pure, warm, silent to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, tho' clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea;
So dark, as I roam through this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee.
My God! trembling to Thee,
True, fond, trembling to Thee.

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." — PROV. iii. 6.

I WOULD not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of holy love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessings be,
I would have my spirit filled the more

With grateful love to Thee;
And careful, less to serve Thee much,
Than please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a crook in every lot,
And a need for earnest prayer;
But a lowly heart, that leans on Thee,
Is happy everywhere.

In a service that Thy love appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
For my secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children "free;"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

O LORD! I know not what I should ask of Thee. Thou only knowest what I want; and Thou lovest me, if I am Thy friend, better than I can love myself. O Lord! give to me, Thy child, what is proper, whatsoever it may be. I dare not

ask either crosses or comforts. I only present myself before Thee. I open my heart to Thee. Behold my wants, which I myself am ignorant of; but do Thou behold, and do, according to Thy mercy, — smite or heal, depress me or raise me up. I adore all Thy purposes without knowing them. I am silent: I offer myself in sacrifice. I abandon myself to Thee. I have no more any desire but to accomplish Thy will. Lord, teach me how to pray. Dwell Thou Thyself in me by Thy Holy Spirit. Amen.

GRANT, gracious Father, that I may never dispute the reasonableness of Thy will, but ever close with it, as the best that can happen.

Prepare me always for what Thy providence shall permit or bring forth.

Let me never murmur, be dejected, or impatient, under any of the troubles of this life; but ever find rest and comfort in this:

"*This is the will of my Father and of my God;*" grant this for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

OUR Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.

Confidence in Christ.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters." — Ps. xxiii. 1, 2.

GREEN pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been;
My hope is without measure;
My path of life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Confidence in Christ.

"Peace, be still." — MARK iv. 39.

WHEN ocean heaves, and storms beat high,
And threatening billows lash the sky,
Let no distrust my bosom fill,
The Saviour whispers, "*Peace, be still.*"

Confiding in His matchless power,
I meet, unawed, the darkest hour:
These words my trusting bosom thrill,
The words of Jesus, "*Peace, be still.*"

Sorrows may rise, and dark waves roll,
Christ is almighty to control;
Nothing can brave His sovereign will,
Who says to oceans, "*Peace, be still.*"

Let Jesus tell me He is mine,
And I am His; — I all resign.
Onward I press, fearing no ill;
These words shall cheer me, "*Peace, be still.*"

I WILL sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever: with my mouth will I make known Thy faithfulness to all generations.

The heavens shall praise Thy wonders, O Lord! Thy faithfulness in the congregation of the saints.

Who in the heavens can be compared unto the Lord? Who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the Lord?

Thou rulest the raging of the sea; when the waves thereof rise, Thou stillest them.

The heavens are Thine; the earth, also, is Thine; as for the world and the fulness thereof, Thou hast founded them.

Justice and judgment are the habitation of Thy throne: mercy and truth shall go before Thy face.

Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord! in the light of Thy countenance.

In Thy name shall they rejoice all the day.

"Thou art fairer than the children of men." — Ps. xlv. 2.

O GLORIOUS Saviour, Lamb of God!
My soul on Thee I stay:
'Tis only Thine own precious blood
Can take my guilt away.

My faith looks up to Calvary,
Where Thou hast groaned and bled,
To purchase endless life for me,
And be my living head.

Oh, what divine, what matchless love
Inspired the Saviour's breast,
To leave His blissful courts above,
To make the sinner blest!

What shall I render to my Lord
For such amazing grace?
Let all my powers, with one accord,
Breathe forth their purest praise.

Saviour, my trust is all in Thee,
Grant me Thy love and care;
May my whole soul, from sin made free,
Thine own sweet image bear.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." — MATT. xi. 28.

I NOW have found abiding rest,
For which I long was sighing;
Now on my Saviour's faithful breast,
My weary head is lying:
This is the place where sin, no more,
And death and hell alarm me;
I now am safe by Jesus' power
From all that else would harm me.

I thank Thee, God's beloved Son,
Thy boundless grace adoring,
Which brought Thee from Thy glorious throne,
Our peace with God restoring.
Oh, make my heart a shrine, where Peace
Shall keep her constant dwelling;
Where grateful praise shall never cease,
Abroad Thy glories telling!

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." — PROV. xviii. 24.

O HOLY Saviour, friend unseen!
Since on Thine arm Thou bidst me lean,
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine:
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to Thee.

Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here has she found her place of rest,
An exile still, yet not unblessed,
While she can cling to Thee.

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove, —
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee!

Blest is my lot: whate'er befall,
What can disturb me, who appall?
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour! I cling to Thee.

"Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." — ST. JOHN vi. 68.

THY works, not mine, O Christ!
Speak gladness to this heart:
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart.
To whom, save Thee,
Who can alone
For sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee?

Thy righteousness alone
Can clothe and beautify:
I wrap it round my soul;
In this I'll live and die.
To whom, save Thee,
Who can alone
For sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee?

"I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me." — ST. JOHN xiv. 6.

JESUS, my Saviour, look on me!
For I am weary and opprest:
I come to cast my soul on Thee;
Thou art my rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length:
Thine aid omnipotent I seek;
Thou art my strength.

I am bewildered on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh, shed Thou forth some cheering ray!
Thou art my light.

I hear the storms around me rise,
But, when I dread the impending shock,
My spirit to her refuge flies;
Thou art my rock.

When the accuser flings his darts,
I look to Thee: my terrors cease:
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts;
Thou art my peace.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;
Thou art my life.

Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my all.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Ghrist." — GAL. vi. 14.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

AH! sweet Jesus, pierce the marrow of my soul with the healthful shafts of Thy love, that it may truly burn, and melt, and languish, with the only desire of Thee; that it may desire to be dissolved, and to be with Thee. Let it hunger alone for the bread of life; let it thirst after Thee, the spring and fountain of eternal light, the stream of true pleasure; let it always desire Thee, seek Thee, and find Thee, and sweetly rest in Thee.

SWEET Jesus, the word of the Father, the brightness of paternal glory, whom angels delight to view, teach me to do Thy will; that, led by Thy good Spirit, I may come to that blessed city where day is eternal, where there is certain security and secure eternity, and eternal peace and peaceful happiness, and happy sweetness and sweet pleasure; . . . where is light without darkness, joy without grief, de-

sire without punishment, love without sadness, satiety without loathing, safety without fear, health without disease, and life without death; . . . where Thou, O God! with the Father and the Holy Spirit, livest and reignest, world without end. Amen.

OUR Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.

Prayer to Jesus.

" Thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins." — ST. MATT. i. 21.

NAME of Jesus, softly stealing
O'er a world of strife and shame,
Thou canst bring us heavenly healing,
O Thou all-restoring Name!
Name of Jesus! Heaven of gladness,
Cause our doubts and fears to cease;
Soothe away the aching sadness:
Name of Jesus! give us peace.

Prayer to Jesus.

"Lord, help me!" — MATT. xv. 25.

JESUS, listen, when I pray,
Oh, turn not Thine ear away!
Nearer I would live to Thee,
And from every sin be free.

Lift on me Thy smiling face;
In me Thy pure image place:
Let each Christian grace be mine,
Every virtue in me shine.

Thou whose glory fills the sky,
Teach and guide me with Thine eye;
Teach me Thine own holy will,
Guide me in Thy footsteps still.

Oh, do Thou my heart inspire,
With a pure and holy fire,
Such as seraph-angels feel,
As around Thy throne they kneel!

SURELY He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with His stripes we are healed.

All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not his mouth: He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb; so He opened not His mouth.

He was taken from prison and from judgment, and who shall declare His generation? for He was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was He stricken.

And He made His grave with the wicked, and with the rich in His death;

because He had done no violence, neither was any deceit in His mouth.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him; He hath put Him to grief: when Thou shall make His soul an offering for sin, He shall see His seed, he shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand.

He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied.

Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee.

O the Hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in the time of trouble! why shouldest Thou be as a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night?

Remember me, O Lord! with the favor that Thou bearest unto Thy people: oh, visit the earth with Thy salvation!

"Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood." — REV. v. 9.

WHAT glories gather round the cross,
Where Jesus died that we might live!
For this we count all else but loss;
For this, our highest praises give.

Of all the rapturous songs of bliss,
Sung by the heavenly choirs above,
There's none to be compared to this,
The wondrous song of dying love.

Ho, all ye ransomed, come as one!
In cheerful notes, your tribute bring
To Him who sits upon the throne, —
Your risen Lord, and glorious King!

Ye saints, with holy angels vie,
In pæans of immortal praise:
Oh, lift your heart and voices high,
As you to heaven your anthems raise.

"In the time of trouble, He shall hide me in His pavilion: in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me; He shall set me upon a rock." — Ps. xxvii. 5.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone!
Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath;
When my eyelids close in death;
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne, —
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." — DEUT. xxxiii. 27.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waters near me roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust in Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

"Then said I, Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God!" — HEB x. 7.

"Teach me to do Thy will; for Thou art my God." — PS. cxliii. 10.

MY Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Oh, may Thy will be mine!
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.

Through sorrow or through joy,
  Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
  My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
  All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
  I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above,
  I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
  My Lord, Thy will be done!

"There be many that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us." — Ps. iv. 6.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
  Thou Lamb of Calvary,
  Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me, from this day,
  Be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
  My zeal inspire!
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
  A living fire!

When life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
  Be Thou my Guide:
Bid darkness turn to-day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
  From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
  Shall o'er me roll, —
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove:
Oh, bear me safe above,
  A ransomed soul!

"A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." — Is. xxxii. 2.

I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within:
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

I need Thee, blessed Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store:
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

I need Thee, blessed Jesus;
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.

I need the heart of Jesus,
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

I need Thee, blessed Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne;
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee!

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." — MATT. xi. 28, 29.

O WORD, of words the sweetest!
O word, in which there lie
All promise, all fulfilment,
And end of mystery!
Sorrowing or rejoicing,
With doubt or terror nigh,
I hear the "Come!" of Jesus,
And to His cross I fly.

Sometimes so far I've wandered,
So lost I seem to be,
That faintly, like an echo,
I hear the "Come to me."
"Where art Thou, O Beloved?"
Bewildered, sad, I cry;
Then, following that sweet summons,
Till at His feet I lie.

O soul! why shouldst thou wander
From such a loving Friend?
Cling closer, closer to Him,
Stay with Him to the end.
Alas! I am so helpless,
So very full of sin,
For ever I am wandering
And coming back again.

Oh, each time draw me nearer,
That soon the "Come!" may be
Naught but a gentle whisper
To one close, close to Thee:
Then, over sea or mountain,
Far from or near my home,
I'll take Thy hand and follow,
At that sweet whispered "Come!"

"Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel; I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go." — Is. xlviii. 17.

JESU, day by day
Lead us on life's way:
Nought of dangers will we reckon,
Simply haste where Thou dost beckon;
Lead us by the hand
To our fatherland.

Hard should seem our lot,
Let us waver not;
Never murmur at our crosses,
In dark days of grief and losses;
'Tis through trial here
We must reach Thy sphere.

When the heart must know
Pain for others' woe,
When beneath his own 'tis sinking,
Give us patience, hope unshrinking:
Fix our eyes, O Friend!
On our journey's end.

Thus our path shall be
Daily traced by Thee;
Draw Thou nearer when 'tis rougher,

Help us most when most we suffer,
And, when all is o'er,
Ope to us Thy door.

"Oh, when wilt Thou come unto me?"—Ps. ci. 2.

COME to me, Lord, when first I awake,
As the faint lights of morning break;
Bid purest thoughts within me rise,
Like crystal dew-drops to the skies.

Come to me in the sultry noon,
Or earth's low communings will soon
Of thy dear face eclipse the light,
And change my fairest day to night.

Come to me in the evening shade;
And if my heart from Thee have strayed,
Oh, bring it back, and from afar
Smile on me like Thine evening star!

Come to me in the midnight hour,
When sleep withholds her balmy power;
Let my lone spirit find its rest,
Like John, upon my Saviour's breast.

Come to me through life's varied way,
And when its pulses cease to play,
Then, Saviour bid me come to Thee,
That where Thou art Thy child may be.

"Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore."—REV. i. 17, 18.

"(He is) the brightness of His (the Father's) glory, and the express image of His person."—HEB. i. 3.

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 COR. xv. 57.

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."—Is. ix. 2.

"The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto Him shall ye hearken."—DEUT. xviii. 15.

THOU art first and best,
Jesu, sweetest rest!
Life of those who else were dying,
Light of those in darkness lying,
Ever be Thou blest,
Jesu, sweetest rest.

Life that stooped to be
Slain for such as me;
Who to save us death hast tasted,

Pardon life and blessings wasted,
Take away our load,
Lead us back to God !

Brightness of His face !
To redeem our race,
Ere time was, Thou wast appointed,
Thou didst veil Thee, God's Anointed,
In our human race ;
Brightness of His face !

Conqueror, Thou alone
Hast the powers o'erthrown
Of the world, the flesh, the devil ;
Souls that once were slaves to evil,
Thou hast made Thine own,
Conqueror, Thou alone !

Highest Majesty !
King and Prophet ! see,
To Thy gentle rule submitting,
I would learn from Thee,
Highest Majesty !

O Thou Light divine !
Make me wholly Thine.
Wisdom by Thy Spirit knowing,

With Thy love and ardor glowing,
Thou within me shine,
O Thou Light divine !

Thy humility
And Thy kindness be
In my heart for ever dwelling,
Pride and anger thence dispelling,
Till Thyself Thou see
Mirrored, Lord, in me.

Is my foolish mind
To the world inclined ?
Strengthen it no more to waver,
But to seek alone Thy favor ;
Wealth in Thee to find,
Grant me, Lord, Thy mind.

In the darksome night,
When the billows' might
Roars around my little vessel,
And with bitter fears I wrestle,
Let Thy arm of might
Save me in the night.

Let my soul be strong,
Bold to suffer wrong
For Thy sake, though I should perish ;

Life nor earthly wealth to cherish:
All to Thee belong;
Only make me strong.

And when I must die,
Let me feel Thee nigh;
Through the valley walk beside me,
To the heavenly glory guide me,
Till I find me nigh
To Thy throne on high.

I WILL rather part with all the world, and all that it contains, than with Thee, my Saviour; and, — God be thanked! — I know Thou art not willing to do without me. Thou art rich, and I am poor; Thou hast righteousness, and I sin; Thou hast oil and wine, and I wounds; Thou hast cordials and refreshments, and I hunger and thirst: use me, then, my Saviour, for whatever purpose, and in whatever way, Thou mayst require. Here is my poor heart, — an empty vessel: fill it with Thy grace. Here is my sinful and troubled

soul: quicken and refresh it with Thy love. Take my heart for Thine abode; my mouth to spread the glory of Thy name; my love and all my powers for the advancement of Thy honor and the service of Thy believing people. Amen.

O HOLY and eternal Jesus, Lamb of God, who wert slain from the beginning of the world! Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign with Thee for ever.

Blessing, honor, glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen.

OUR Father, &c.

Longings after God.

"Early will I seek Thee." — Ps. lxiii. 1.
"Those that seek me early shall find me." — Prov. viii. 17.
"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." — Is. lv. 6.
"Thy face, Lord, will I seek." — Ps. xxvii. 8

Longings after God.

"Oh that I knew where I might find Him." — Job xxiii. 3.

OH that I knew the blissful place,
Where I might find Thee, O my God!
'Twere heaven to see Thy smiling face,
And hear Thee speak some cheering word.

Oh, I would come e'en to Thy seat,
And all my sin and guilt disclose!
Lowly I'd bow before Thy feet,
And pour into Thine ear my woes.

Around, on every hand, I gaze,
Mourning and sighing for my God:
All is to me but one dark maze,
I bow beneath the chastening rod.

Forward I go, but see Him not;
Backward, and still He's unrevealed:
I seem of Heaven to be forgot,
God's ways to me are all concealed.

But I shall understand His way,
When He's accomplished all His will;
Though long and painful the delay,
Good will yet come from seeming ill.

If I am His, He'll ne'er forsake,
But try me, as the fire tries gold;
That I more fully may partake
Of fruits immortal and untold.

AS the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God!

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

O my God! my soul is cast down within me.

Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God, my rock, why hast thou forgotten me?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul! and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Hear my prayer, O Lord! give ear to my supplication; in Thy faithfulness answer me, and in Thy righteousness.

And enter not into judgment with Thy servant: for in Thy sight shall no flesh be justified.

I stretch forth my hands unto Thee: my soul thirsteth after Thee, as a thirsty land.

Hear me speedily, O Lord! my spirit faileth: hide not Thy face from me.

Quicken me, O Lord! for Thy name's sake; for Thy righteousness' sake, bring my soul out of trouble.

"My soul thirsteth for God." — Ps. xlii. 2.

MY spirit longs for Thee, my God!
Oh, when shall I from sin be free?
Oh, when enjoy a heaven on earth,
By being made conformed to Thee?

As pants the hart for water-brooks,
Eager to quaff the cooling flood,
So do I long for living streams,
So pants my soul for Thee, my God!

I thirst for God, the living God!
When shall I come before His face?
Oh, when His power and glory see,
And feel the quickenings of His grace?

Why, O my soul! art thou cast down?
Why tune thy harp to mournful lays?
Hope thou in God, make Him thy trust,
And lift to Heaven the voice of praise.

Oh, let me never doubt God's grace,
But all my powers for Him employ!
He loves His saints, and will transform
Their deepest woes to purest joy.

"I have not spoken in secret, in a dark place of the earth: I said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye my face in vain." — Is. xlv. 19.

"How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings." — ST. MATT. xxiii. 37.

CHEER up, desponding soul!
Thy longing pleased I see;
'Tis part of that great whole,
Wherewith I longed for thee.

Wherewith I longed for thee,
And left my Father's throne,
From death to set thee free,
And claim thee for my own.

To claim thee for my own
I suffered on the cross;
Oh, were my love but known,
All else would be as dross!

All else would be as dross;
And souls, through grace divine,
Would count their gains but loss,
To live for ever mine.

"As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." — Ps. xlii. 1.

YES, I may love Thee, O my God!
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild, —
Bears, and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

Only to sit and think of God,
Oh, what a joy it is!
To think the thought, to breathe the name,
Earth has no higher bliss!

Father of Jesus! love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee!

"For thus saith the Lord unto the house of Israel, Seek ye me, and ye shall live."— AMOS v. 4.

HERE in Thy royal presence, Lord, I stand;
I give myself, my all, to Thee.
Thou hast redeemed me by Thy precious blood:
Thine only will I be.

No love but Thine, but Thine, can me relieve,
No light but Thine, but Thine, will I receive,
No light, no love, but Thine.

Take, take me as I am! Thou needst me not,
I know Thou needst me not at all.
All heaven is Thine, all earth, each morning star;
High angels wait Thy call.
I am the poorest of Thy creatures, I
The child of evil and dark misery,
Yet take me as I am.

It would not cost Thee dear to bless me, Lord;
A word would do it, or a sign:
It needs no more from Thee, no more, my God;
Thy words have power divine.
And, oh, the boundless blessedness to me!
Loved, saved, forgiven, renewed, and blessed by Thee!
Oh, speak, oh, speak the word!

"And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." — Ps. lxiii. 1.

ALL in weakness, all in sorrow,
O my God! I come once more,
Lifting up the sad petition

Thou hast often heard before,
In the former days of darkness,
In the time of need of yore.

For a present help in trouble
Thou hast never ceased to be,
Since at first a weeping sinner
Fell before Thee, trustingly;
And Thy voice is ever sounding, —
"O ye weary, come to me!"

O Redeemer! shall one perish
Who has looked to Thee for aid?
Let me see Thee, let me hear Thee;
Through the gloomy midnight shade
Let me hear Thy voice of comfort,
"It is I: be not afraid."

AH, Lord God, Thou holy lover of my soul! when Thou comest into my heart, all that is within me shall rejoice. Thou art my glory and the exultation of my heart: Thou art my hope and refuge in the day of my tribulation. But because

I am as yet weak in love, and imperfect in virtue, I have need to be strengthened and comforted by Thee: visit me, therefore, often, and instruct me in all holy discipline. Set me free from evil passions, and heal my heart of all inordinate affections, that, being inwardly cured and thoroughly cleansed, I may be made fit to love, courageous to suffer, steady to persevere. Amen.

COME Thou down unto me: come, and replenish me early with Thy comfort, lest my soul faint for weariness and dryness of mind.

I beseech Thee, O Lord! that I may find grace in Thy sight; for Thy grace is sufficient for me, though other things that nature desireth be not obtained. Amen.

OUR Father, &c.

Contrition.

"God, be merciful to me a sinner." — LUKE xviii. 13.

Contrition.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."—Ps. li. 17.

CAN such a sinful child as I
Be by a holy God forgiven?
Can one so vile be raised on high,
And made to taste the bliss of heaven?

Oh, yes! there is an open Fount,
Filled with the Saviour's precious blood;
And though to heaven my sins may mount,
There's strength to heal in that pure flood

To this pure Fountain I would fly,
In Jesus' arms 'tis sweet to rest;
Though clouds o'ercast my wintry sky,
His smiles can cheer a soul distressed.

O God of mercy! hear my prayer,
And grant me Thy forgiving love;
Let me Thy loving kindness share,
And all my deep-stained guilt remove.

Look down, and lend Thy gracious ear,
As prostrate at Thy feet I lie;
Behold the penitential tear,
The burdened heart, the contrite sigh.

Oh, wash and make me clean within,
And let Thy precepts be my guide;
Preserve me from the snares of sin,
O'er every thought and step preside.

O LORD! rebuke me not in Thy wrath; neither chasten me in Thy hot displeasure.

For I will declare mine iniquity; I will be sorry for my sin.

Have mercy upon me according to Thy loving kindness; according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions.

Create in me a clean heart, O God! and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and uphold us with Thy free spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God! Thou wilt not despise.

"The Lord your God is gracious and merciful, and will not turn away His face from you, if ye will return unto Him."—2 CHRON. XXX. 9.

O LORD! turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life,
With tears and bitter cry.
Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
Oh, shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in!

We need not to confess our fault;
For surely Thou canst tell
What we have done; and what we are
Thou knowest very well.

Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

And need we then, O Lord! repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have?
Mercy, O Lord! mercy we ask,—
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
Oh, let Thy mercy come!

"Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."—St. MARK ix. 24.

YES, I do feel, my God, that I am thine;
Thou art my joy,—*myself* mine only grief;
Hear my complaint, low bending at Thy shrine,—
"Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

Unworthy, even to approach so near,
My soul lies trembling like a summer's leaf;
Yet, oh, forgive! I doubt not, though I fear:
"Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

True, I am weak, — ah, very weak; but then
I know the source whence I can draw relief;
And, though repulsed, I still can plead again, —
"Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

"Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul." — Ps. xxv. 1.

O LORD! on me Thy grace bestow;
Help me each devious way to shun,
And over all my sins of heart
Let a full victory be won.

Let passion, selfishness, and pride,
And every foe to grace, be slain;
Stamp thine own image on my soul,
And let Thy love within me reign.

Cleansed by the Saviour's precious blood,
May I in grace and knowledge grow,
And have that peace and joy in God
Which none but heaven-born spirits know.

Oh, fit me for that blest abode,
The bright inheritance above, —
Where ransomed souls for ever sing
Redeeming grace and dying love!

LORD, Thou hast said there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninty-nine just. Oh, give me now grace to be a true penitent indeed, that thereby Heaven may rejoice at my conversion!

I know Thou willest not the death of a sinner, but rather that he may repent and live. Let me no longer remain dead in my sins! Oh, let me now at least begin to live in Thee!

Create a clean heart in me, O God! and renew a right spirit within me. Grant that I may now serve Thee in good earnest. Oh, let this be the change of the right hand of the Most High!

Too late have I known Thee, O eternal Truth! too late have I loved Thee, O eternal Beauty! Too long have I gone astray from Thee! From this moment, O my sovereign God! I desire to be for ever Thine. Oh, let nothing in life or death ever separate me from Thee any more!

O divine Love, how little art Thou known

in this wicked world! how little art Thou loved! Come now to me, and take full possession of my whole heart and soul for time and eternity.

I am resolved, by Thy grace, never more to return to my sins. Rather let me die than offend Thee wilfully any more. I am resolved to avoid all evil company and dangerous occasions, and to take proper measures for the amendment of my life in the future. All this I resolve; but Thou knowest my frailty, O my God! and, if Thou assist me not with Thy grace, all my resolutions will prove ineffectual, and I shall be for ever miserable. Oh, look to me, O God! that I may never betray Thee any more. Amen.

I BESEECH Thee, O Lord! to forget my sins, and to remember Thy mercies. O Christ, spare me! Pity me, not according to my deserts, but according to Thy mercy. Do not despise me, a sinner, do

not cast me away; but receive me according to Thy word, that I may live, and not be disappointed of my hope. Give me a fountain of tears, O Fountain of Life! My hope of salvation is in no works of mine; but my soul hangs simply on the boundlessness of Thy love, through Christ, and confides in the multitude of Thy mercies. Amen.

OUR Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.

Praise.

"Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee." — Ps. lxvii. 5.

Praise.

"I will praise the Lord with my whole heart."—Ps. cxi. 1.

O THOU before whom seraphs bow,
And in whose presence angels sing!
Help us to come before Thee now,
And with warm hearts our offering bring.

As earth upon its centre rolls,
Bringing alternate night and day,
Thy love and care its course controls,
And all things Thy rich grace display.

The heavens Thy power and grace declare;
They manifest in every land
That the eternal GOD is there,
Dispensing blessings from His hand.

Let us to Thee glad voices raise,
Let holy love our breasts inspire;
While with our lips we utter praise,
Touch Thou our hearts with heavenly fire.

To Thy great name let incense rise,
From hearts that glow with heaven-born love;
Let loud hosannas pierce the skies,
And reach the glorious realms above.

PRAISE ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely.

Praise waiteth for Thee, O God in Zion! and unto Thee shall the vow be performed.

O Thou that hearest prayer! unto Thee shall all flesh come.

Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me bless His holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all His benefits.

O God! my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise, even with my glory.

Blessed be the name of the Lord, from this time forth, and for evermore.

For the Lord is good: His mercy is everlasting; and His truth endureth to all generations.

Ye that fear the Lord, praise Him.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul. Lord my God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honor and majesty: who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.

"*Thou* sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

"*Thou* watereth the hills from *Thy* chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of Thy works.

"*Thou* causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man; that he may bring forth food out of the earth.

"O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches." — Ps. civ.

MY God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee *more* that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;

That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

"Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord." — Ps. cl. 6.

LIFE with all its changes here,
Hopes that rise above this sphere,
Visions of the far and nigh,
Gleams of glad eternity;
Peace that soothes the aching soul,
Health that makes the wounded whole;
Love that fills the heart with bliss,
Song and silence, — all are His.

Let us then our honor bring
To this mighty Lord and King;
Let a new and ceaseless song
Break from every heart and tongue:
Praise Him as the God of might,
Praise Him as the Lord of Light!
To His name our song we raise,
Father, Son, and Spirit, praise!

"O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches.

"I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being."—Ps. civ. 24, 33.

NOW thank we all our God,
With hearts and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us!
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,

The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore!
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

"Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation." — Ps. lxviii. 19.

FILL Thou my life, O Lord my God!
In every part with praise;
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.

Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor even the praising heart,
I ask, — but for a life made up
Of praise in every part.

Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in;
Praise in each duty and each deed,
However small and mean.

Praise in the common words I speak,
Life's common looks and tones,
In intercourse at hearth or board,
With my beloved ones.

Fill every part of me with praise;
Let all my being speak
Of Thee, and of Thy love, O Lord!
Poor though I be, and weak.

"It is a good . . . to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High: to show forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night." — Ps. xcii. 1, 2.

MEET and right it is to sing
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace!
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine!

Thee, the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease;
Angels and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three in One;
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall,
O'erwhelmed before Thy throne!

Father, God, Thy love we praise,
  Which gave Thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
  Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
  Praise by all to Thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
  And earth is turned to heaven.

THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handy work.

In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun; which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course.

It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven, and runneth about into the end of it again; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

Praise the Lord, sun and moon: praise Him, all ye stars of light.

He healeth the broken in heart, and giveth medicine to heal their sickness.

He telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names.

He bindeth the sweet influences of the Pleiades, and looseth the bonds of Orion.

He bringeth forth Mazzaroth in his season, and guideth Arcturus with his sons.

Great is our Lord, and great is His power; yea, and His power is infinite.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

I DESIRE, O Lord, my God! with all Thy saints, and with all Thy creatures, in every place and time, devoutly to praise Thee, to bless Thee, to glorify Thee, and with a pure heart to love Thee always; and above all Thy works to magnify and exalt Thy holy name perpetually, because Thou art my God, and I am Thy poor servant. Thou art my light and my hope, O my God! Thou art my patience, my praise, and

my glory, O my God! Thou art my wisdom, and my prudence, my beauty and my sweetness, O my God. Thou art my lamp, my candlestick, and my leading-star, my God. Thou art my teacher, my instructor, and my physician, O my God! In Thee I find all things; and all things I have, through Thy mercy and free donation.

OUR Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.

Death.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meeting round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hues shall tinge the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Death.

"To die is gain."—PHIL. i. 21.

"TO die is gain:" blest truth is this:
Death is the gate to endless bliss;
Oh, fit me, Lord, while here I roam,
For my eternal, glorious home.

When earthly visions fade away;
When death's dark shadows round me play;
Then, Saviour, cheer my fainting heart,
And, from Thy fulness, strength impart.

Oh, let me triumph over sin,
And over death the victory win;
Then raise me to Thy holy throne,
Where sins and sorrows are unknown.

There may I sing redeeming love,
With the celestial choir above:
In notes more sweet than angels raise,
May I chant forth immortal praise.

HEAR my prayer, O Lord! and let my cry come unto Thee. Hide not Thy face from me.

My days are like a shadow that declineth, and I am withered like grass.

But Thou, O Lord! shalt endure for ever, and Thy remembrance unto all generations.

I said, O my God! take me not away in the midst of my days: Thy years are throughout all generations.

Of old hast Thou laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of Thine hands.

They shall perish; but Thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed.

But Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end.

"Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."—ST. MATT. xxiv. 44.

OH, to be ready when death shall come!
Oh, to be ready to hasten home!
No earthward clinging, no lingering gaze,
No strife at parting, no sore amaze;
No chains to sever that earth hath twined,
No spell to loosen that love would bind.

No flitting shadows to dim the light
Of the angel-pinions winged for flight;
No cloud-like phantoms to fling a gloom
'Twixt heaven's bright portals and earth's dark tomb;
But sweetly, gently, to pass away
From the world's dim twilight into day.

To list the music of angel lyres,
To catch the rapture of seraph fires,
To lean in trust on the risen One,
Till borne away to a fadeless throne.
Oh, to be ready when death shall come!
Oh, to be ready to hasten home!

"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." — REV. xxii. 13.

JESUS, when my soul is parting
From this body frail and weak,
And the deathly dew is starting
Down this pale and wasted cheek, —
Thine, my Saviour,
Be the name I last shall speak.

Jesus, when my memory wanders
Far from loved ones at my side,
And in fitful dreaming ponders
Who are they that near me glide, —
Last, my Saviour,
Let my thoughts on Thee abide.

When the morn in all its glory
Charms no more my ear nor eye,
And the shadows closing o'er me
Warn me of the time to die, —
Last, my Saviour,
Let me see Thee standing by.

When my feet shall pass the river,
And upon the farther shore
I shall walk, redeemed for ever,

Ne'er to sin, to die no more,—
First, Lord Jesus,
Let me see Thee, and adore.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."—2 TIM. iv. 7.

GLORIOUS sunsets richly glowing
Strike the autumn wanderer's eye,
Whence the holy thought comes flowing,
Brightly thus may Christians die;
Bright may be the example given,
Glowing with the dews of heaven.

IT matters little at what hour of day
The righteous fall asleep: death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die;
The less of this cold world, the more of Heaven:
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.

"She hath done what she could."—MARK xiv. 8

SOFTLY woo her breath,
Gentle Death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring life!

She hath seen her happy day;
She hath had her bud and blossom.
Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom.

She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear!
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraphs of the skies, sweet Love!
Good she was, and fair in youth;
And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth.
Take her, then, for evermore,
For ever, evermore!

"Let me go, for the day breaketh." — GEN. xxxii. 26.

I'M kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and sore;
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His home.

A weary path I've travelled, 'mid darkness,
storm, and strife ;
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life ;
But now the dawn is breaking, my toil will soon
be o'er,
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the
door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as
they stand,
Singing in the sunshine of the far-off sinless
land ;
Oh, would that I were with them, amid their
shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, and joining in their
song !

The friends that started with me have entered
long ago :
One by one they left me struggling with the foe ;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumphs
sooner won ;
How lovingly they'll hail me, when all my toil is
done !

With them the blessed angels, that know no
grief nor sin ;
I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in.

O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure! Thy time and way are best:
But I am wasted, worn, and weary; O Father, bid me rest!

"The memory of the just is blessed." — PROV. x. 7.

UP and away, like the dew of the morning,
That soars from the earth to its home in the sun;
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name and my place and my tomb all forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won;
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises;
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on;

So be my life, — a thing felt but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes: like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone;
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?
The things we have lived for, let them be our story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing
(As its summer and autumn moved silently on)
The bloom and the fruit and the seed of its season:
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me,
To reap down these fields which in spring I have sown:
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper;
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages,—all about me forgotten.
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so let my dying;
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown:
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered;—
Yes, but remembered by what I have done.

WHEN, in the last hour, I have to taste the bitterness of death, to drain the final cup of trial; when my stiffened hand can no longer bestow a blessing on my

loved ones, from whose sorrowful eyes the tears of parting are falling on my pillow; my closed lips can no longer utter words of love, of love true unto death; when the stir of the world and all the sweet sounds of life cease to fall upon my ear, — then, then, O Lord! I commend my soul to Thee. Amen.

OUR Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.

Affliction.

"Jesus wept." — St. John xx. ii.

Affliction.

"When Thou saidst, Seek ye my face, my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek." — Ps. xxvii. 8.

MY God, revive my drooping heart,
In my distress I fly to Thee;
Do Thou Thy sovereign grace impart,
And from deep anguish set me free.

Put underneath me Thine own arm,
And by Thy presence make me blest;
In all my woes let me be calm,
And on Thy bosom sweetly rest.

As fiery billows o'er me roll,
Do Thou Thy love and mercy show:
Make trials *blessings* to my soul,
And sanctify my cup of woe.

Lord, I am Thine, — for ever Thine:
Let love and peace my bosom fill;
Let my whole soul its powers resign
In sweet obedience to Thy will.

Be still, and know that I am God!
Thus saith the high and lofty One:
Receive in love my chastening rod,
And you shall find the victory won.

BEFORE I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept Thy word.

It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn Thy statutes.

Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest, and teachest him out of Thy law.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Weeping may endure for a night; but joy cometh in the morning.

IN MEMORIAM. S. C. H. MAY 9, 1869.

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." — MAL. iii. 17,

KNOW'ST thou, Gretchen, how it happens
That the dear ones die?
God walks daily in His garden
While the sun shines high.
In that garden there are roses
Beautiful and bright,
And he gazes round delighted
With the lovely sight.
If he marks one gaily blooming,
Than the rest more fair,
He will pause and look upon it,
Full of tender care;
And the beauteous rose he gathers
In his bosom lies;
But on earth are tears and sorrow,
For a dear one dies!

THE past we know! How pleasant to meditate upon a well-spent hour, and gather flowers with which to bedeck the Future! Would that all life's hours might be spent in gathering buds which death's dark hour might bear away to blossom for us in eternity. S. C. JULY 22, 1857.

"Before I was afflicted, I went astray; but now have I kept Thy word." — Ps. cxix. 67.

I THANK Thee for the loneliness
That brings me near to Thee;
Thanks that no other heart can bless,
No other eye can see!
I never knew the depth, the height,
Of heavenly love before:
O Lord! Thy presence gilds my night:
It brightens more and more.

What matter, in that lucid gloom,
If stars grow bright or pale?
Shall we of lesser glories dream
Who look within the veil?
Why count the little earthly loss,
When gifts from Heaven flow down?
Lord, Thou for me hast set the cross
With jewels of the crown!

BUT hark! my pulse like a soft drum
Beats my approach, tells Thee I come;
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by Thee.

"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."— ST. JOHN xiv. 2.

GONE home! Gone home! She lingers here no longer,
A restless pilgrim, walking painfully,
With homesick longing, daily growing stronger,
And yearning visions of the joys to be.

Gone home! Gone home! Her earnest, active spirit,
Her very playfulness, her heart of love!
The heavenly mansion she now doth inherit,
Which Christ made ready ere she went above.

Gone home! Gone home! The door through which she vanished
Closed with a jar, and left us here alone.
We stand without, in tears, forlorn and banished,
Longing to follow where one loved has gone.

Gone home! Gone home! Oh! shall we ever reach her,
See her again, and know her for our own?
Will she conduct us to the heavenly Teacher,
And bow beside us, low before His Throne?

Gone home! Gone home! O human-hearted Saviour!
Give us a balm to soothe our heavy woe;
And if Thou wilt, in tender, pitying favor,
Hasten the time when we may rise and go.

"Death is swallowed up in victory. O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" — 1 Cor. xv. 54, 55.

"HOME, home!" she cried, exulting:
"Death is a glorious birth;"
Then gently slipped her shackles,
And sprang away from earth.
The angels caught her softly,
And bore her up the steep;
The gold gates closed behind her,
And we remain to weep.

"The trumpet note of welcome
Is always on the blast;
It has no time to die away,
The souls come in so fast!
Then faint not, ye beloved,
But let Hope conquer Sorrow:
These golden gates shall open
To let you in to-morrow."

"For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer." — Is. liv. 7, 8.

DO not cheat thy heart and tell her,
"Grief will pass away:
Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day."
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.

Cheat her not with the old comfort,
"Soon she will forget:"
Bitter truth, alas! but matter
Rather for regret.
Bid her not seek other pleasures,
"Turn to other things:"
Rather nurse her caged sorrow
Till the captive sings.

Rather bid her go forth bravely,
And the stranger greet;
Not as foe with spear and buckler,
But as dear friends meet.

Bid her with a strong clasp hold her,
By her dusky wings,
Listening for the murmured blessing
Sorrow always brings.

"To you who are troubled, rest." — 2 THESS. i. 7.

I HEAR a voice at dawn of day,
And to my heart it seems to say,
When sorrow dims hope's brightest ray,
"There's rest in Heaven."

I hear it at the evening-tide,
When fitful shadows round us glide,
Still whispering gently at my side,
"There's rest in Heaven."

E'en at noon's busy hour I hear
The same sweet words accost my ear,
With power to stay the rising tear,
"There's rest in Heaven."

Blest words! which tell of naught but joy,
Of endless rest without alloy,
Well may they oft our thoughts employ, —
"There's rest in heaven."

Spirit of life and love divine,
Subdue my heart and make it Thine,
That I may dwell upon as mine
"That rest in Heaven."

"One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."—2 PET. iii. 8.

HOW shalt thou bear the *cross* which now
So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon the eternal years.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears:
Kiss the sweet cross, and in thy heart
Sing of the eternal years.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."—Ps. cxvi. 15.

OH! it is sweet to think
Of those that are departed,
While murmured Aves sink
To silence tender-hearted:

While tears that have no pain
  Are tranquilly distilling,
And the dead live again
  In hearts that love is filling.

Yet not as in the days
  Of earthly ties we love them:
For they are touched with rays
  From light that is above them;
Another sweetness shines
  Around their well-known features;
God with His glory signs
  His dearly ransomed creatures.

Yes: they are more our own,
  Since now they are God's only;
And each one that has gone
  Has left our heart less lonely.
He mourns not seasons fled
  Who now in him possesses
Treasures of many dead
  In their dear Lord's caresses.

Dear dead! they have become
  Like guardian angels to us;
And distant heaven, like home,
  Through them begins to woo us.

Love that was earthly, wings
  Its flight to holier places:
The dead are sacred things
  That multiply our graces.

They whom we loved on earth
  Attract us now to heaven;
Who shared our grief and mirth
  Back to us now are given.
They move with noiseless feet
  Gravely and sweetly round us,
And their soft touch hath cut
  Full many a chain that bound us.

O dearest dead! to heaven
  With grudging sighs we gave you,
To Him,—be doubts forgiven,—
  Who took you then to save you!

O LORD! take from me that sorrow which the love of self may produce from my sufferings, and from my unsuccessful hopes and designs in this world, while regardless of Thy glory; but create in me a sorrow resembling Thine. Let me not

henceforth desire health or life, except to spend them for Thee, with Thee, and in Thee. I pray not that Thou wouldst give me either health or sickness, life or death; but that Thou wouldst dispose of my health and my sickness, my life and my death, for Thy glory, for my own eternal welfare, for the use of the Church, for the benefit of the saints, of whose number, by Thy grace, I hope to be. Thou alone knowest what is good for me; Thou art Lord of all; do, therefore, what seemeth to Thee best. Give to me, or take from me: conform my will to Thine; and grant that with humble and perfect submission, and in holy confidence, I may be disposed to receive the orders of Thy eternal providence; and may equally adore every dispensation which will come to me from Thy hand through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

OUR Father, &c.

Heaven.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."

Heaven.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand are pleasures for evermore." — Ps. xvi. 11.

WHAT glories fill that wondrous world of light, —
The heavenly home! There Jesus, throned on high,
Diffuses all around untold delight,
While loud hosannas fill the lofty sky.

How sweet the music of the choir above,
Where holy angels sweep the immortal lyre!
Where every heart expands with holy love,
And feels the glow of pure, seraphic fire!

O glorious state! O pure and blest abode,
Where weary souls find their eternal rest!
And, in the bosom of their Saviour God,
Taste sweet, ambrosial fruits, — supremely blest!

Oh, to be there! where my dear Saviour is,
And see the radiance of His smiling face,—
Filling all heaven with brightest, purest bliss,
As He unfolds the wonders of His grace.

Sorrow and sin, weeping and pain and woe,
Shall find no place in that bright world above;
But life and light and joy for ever flow
From the pure fount of God's unchanging love.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Oh how great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee; which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee, before the sons of men.

Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.

My flesh and my heart faileth; but God

is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.

How excellent is Thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings.

They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of Thy house, and Thou shalt make them to drink of the river of Thy pleasures.

Thou wilt show me the path of life: in Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." — 1 JOHN iii. 2.

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.

Oh, to be there! where my dear Saviour is,
And see the radiance of His smiling face,—
Filling all heaven with brightest, purest bliss,
As He unfolds the wonders of His grace.

Sorrow and sin, weeping and pain and woe,
Shall find no place in that bright world above;
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JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, oh! I know not
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene:
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clothed in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!

Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—2 COR. v. 1.

ANGEL-VOICES sweetly singing;
Echoes through the blue dome ringing,
News of wondrous gladness bringing;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Sin for ever left behind us;
Earthly visions cease to blind us;
Fleshly fetters cease to bind us;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

What a city! what a glory!
Far beyond the brightest story
Of the ages old and hoary;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Christ himself the living splendor,
Christ the sunlight mild and tender;
Praises to the Lamb we render;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

"For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise."— HEB. x. 36.

THERE'S a land of peerless beauty,
And of glory all untold,
Where no shadow ever falleth,
Where no sunny face grows old;
Where the crystal river floweth,
With the tree upon its banks,
And with love each bosom gloweth,
In the bright celestial ranks.

Oh to reach that land of gladness,
Be it all my soul's desire!
Amid scenes of joy or sadness,
Upward still would I aspire.
Brief the pang my heart that rendeth,
Brief the joy that swells it here;
But the rapture never endeth,
Of that pure and blessed sphere.

There is Jesus, my Redeemer,
With the many crowns He wears,
And the scars of earthly wounding,
Precious tokens which He bears:
There the angels, all so glorious,
In the outer circle stand,
While the souls, by faith victorious,
Are a nearer, dearer band.

Then, while months and years are taking,
Like a dream, their flight away,
If they bring me but the breaking
Of the one eternal day,
I will not regret their fleetness,
Nor hold fast to things below;
I will only ask a meetness
For the bliss to which I go.

"We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."— ACTS xiv. 22.

"If we *suffer*, we shall also reign with Him."—2 TIM. ii. 12.

MY feet are worn and weary with the march
O'er the rough road and up the steep hill-side.
O City of our God! I fain would see
Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters glide.

My hands are weary, toiling on,
'Day after day, for perishable meat.
O City of our God! I fain would rest:
I sigh to gain thy glorious mercy-seat.

My garments, travel-worn and stained with dust,
Oft rent by briers and thorns that crowd my way,
Would fain be made, O Lord! my righteousness,
Spotless and white in heaven's unclouded ray.

My eyes are weary looking at the sin,
Impiety, and scorn upon the earth.
O City of our God! within thy walls
All, all, are clothed again with thy new birth.

My heart is weary of its own deep sin, —
Sinning, repenting, sinning still again;
When shall my soul thy glorious presence feel,
And find, dear Saviour, it is free from stain?

Patience, poor soul! the Saviour's feet were worn,
The Saviour's heart and hands were weary too;
His garments stained and travel-worn and old,
His vision blinded with a pitying dew.

Love thou the path of sorrow that He trod,
Toil on and wait in patience for thy rest.
O City of our God! we soon shall see
Thy glorious walls, home of the loved and blest.

I SAW a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

And I saw the Holy City, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.

JERUSALEM, the city of our God!
O happy home! O happy children there!
O blissful mansions of our Father's house!
O walks surpassing Eden for delight!
Here are the harvests reaped, once sown in tears;
Here is the rest, by ministry enhanced;
Here is the banquet of the wine of heaven;
Riches of glory incorruptible;
Crowns, — amaranthine crowns of victory;
The voice of harpers on their harps;
The anthems of the holy cherubim;
The crystal river of the Spirit's joy;
The bridal palace of the Prince of Peace;
The Holiest of Holies!

"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." — ROM. viii. 18.

BRIEF life is *here* our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is *there!*

O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live and hope;
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope.

But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

Then God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!

Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."— 1 Cor. ii. 9.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And life and love and rest.

O one, O only mansion!
O paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy.

The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

With jasper grow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emerald blaze;
The sardius and topaz
Unite in thee their rays.

Thine ageless walls are bounded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is *Christ.*

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!

Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!

Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art with God the *Father,*
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

"Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come." — HEB. xiii. 14.

O CITY of my God,
I love to think of thee!
Safe in thy blest abode,
My spirit fain would be.
No clouds are there, no shades
To check the sunbeam's play,
Whose steady light pervades
The bright, eternal day.

There no rude tempests rise,
Nor storms their fury pour;
No lightnings rend the skies,
Nor fearful thunders roar:
But all the air is peace,
In every bosom love;
And endless the increase
Of bliss enjoyed above.

O THOU who art glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders! we bless Thee for that voice from heaven, which says, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!"

Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

Oh may we listen to this voice of love, and, with penitent hearts, turn unto Thee and live; looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.

We bless thy name, O Thou Most High! for the gift of the Holy Ghost, to convince us of sin, to renew and sanctify our hearts, and to guide us into all truth. Oh may the fruits of the Spirit — love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith — fill and animate our bosoms continually, and lead us to glorify Thee, in every good word and work.

May the same mind be in us which was also in Christ Jesus.

Beholding, as in a glass, the glory of God, may we be changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

So may an entrance be ministered to us abundantly, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

"There shall be no night there." — REV. xxii. 5.

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."— REV. xxi. 4.

THERE is no night in heaven:
In that blest world above,
Work can never bring weariness,
For work itself is love.
There is no night in heaven:
Yet nightly round the bed
Of every Christian wanderer
Faith hears an angel tread.

There is no grief in heaven,
For life is one glad day;
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.
There is no grief in heaven:
Yet angels from on high,
On golden pinions earthward glide
The Christian's tears to dry.

There is no sin in heaven:
Behold that blessed throng;
All holy in their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.
There is no sin in heaven:
Here who from sin is free?
Yet angels aid us in our strife
For Christ's true liberty.

There is no death in heaven:
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.
There is no death in heaven;
But when the Christian dies,
The angels wait his parted soul,
And waft it to the skies.

"Unto Thee lift I up mine eyes, O Thou that dwellest in the heavens."—Ps. cxxiii. 1.

WHAT wondrous visions fill the mental eye,
As we survey the happy realms above!
And see in thought the stores laid up on high,
In the blest mansions of eternal love!

No night is there, no tears or mental gloom;
But every bosom glows with pure delight:
There fragrant, thornless flowers for ever bloom;
No hoary frosts are there, no chilling blight.

But, oh! what did these heavenly blessings cost?
What was the price the blessed Saviour gave,
To rescue sinners perishing and lost,
And from eternal death their spirits save?

Alas! for us He bowed His head and died!
From His pierced side He poured the crimson flood:
For us, our glorious Lord was *crucified!*
We are redeemed by His own precious blood.

On what terms shall we our homage bring,
In what seraphic notes pour forth our praise,
As we essay to magnify our King
And celebrate the wonders of His grace?

While ages roll in the vast world above,
From every tongue be highest praises given;
Oh, who can ever estimate that love,
That makes a child of death an heir of Heaven!

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away." — REV. xxi. 1.

OH, how beautiful that region,
And how fair that heavenly legion
Where thus men and angels blend!
Glorious will that city be,
Full of deep tranquillity,
Light and peace from end to end.
All the happy dwellers there
Shine in robes of purity,
Keep the law of charity,
Bound in firmest unity.
Labor finds them not, nor care;
Ignorance can ne'er perplex,
Nothing tempt them, nothing vex;
Joy and health their fadeless blessing,
Always every good possessing.

"Behold, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." — 1 JOHN iii. 2.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness." — Ps. xvii. 15.

FAR out of sight, while sorrows still enfold us,
Lies the far country where our hearts abide;
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us,
Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

"I shall be satisfied!" The spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds,
The silent love that here meets no returning,
The inspiration that no language finds, —

Shall they be satisfied? The soul's vague longing,
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
Oh, what desires upon my heart are thronging,
As I look upward to the heavenly hills!

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending;
Saviour and Lord, with Thy frail child abide!
Guide me towards home, where, all my wanderings ended,
I shall see thee, and "shall be satisfied!"

"And I said, Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest." — Ps. lv. 6, 8.

BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal, —

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But bloom for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Through these enchanted bowers;

The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision;
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes these gates elysian;

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
The fairy sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by silent fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father all-wise, eternal,
Guide, guide, these wandering way-worn feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal.

"And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." — REV. xxi. 27.

THERE'S a beautiful land by the spoiler untrod,
Unpolluted by sorrow or care;
It is lighted alone by the presence of God,
Whose throne and temple are there:
Its crystalline streams with murmurous flow
Meander through valleys of green,
And its mountains of jasper are bright in the glow
Of a splendor no mortal hath seen.

And throngs of glad singers, with jubilant breath,
Make the air with their melodies rife;
And one known on earth as the Angel of Death,
Shines there as the Angel of Life!

An infinite tenderness beams from his eyes,
On his brow is an infinite calm;
And his voice, as it thrills through the depths of the skies,
Is as sweet as the seraphim's psalm.

Through the amaranth groves of the Beautiful Land
Walk the souls who were faithful in this;
And their foreheads, star-crowned, by the zephyrs are fanned,
That evermore murmur of bliss.
They taste the rich fruitage that hangs from the trees,
And breathe the sweet odors of flowers
More fragrant than ever were kissed by the breeze
In Araby's loveliest bowers.

Old prophets, whose words were a spirit of flame
Blazing out o'er the darkness of time;
And martyrs, whose courage no torture could tame,
Nor turn from their purpose sublime;
And saints and confessors, a numberless throng,
Who were loyal to truth and to right,

And left, as they walked through the darkness of wrong,
Their footsteps encircled with light.

And the dear little children, who went to rest
Ere their lives had been sullied by sin,
While the Angel of Morning still tarried, a guest,
Their spirit's pure temple within.
All are there! all are there! in the Beautiful Land,
The land by the spoiler untrod,
And their foreheads, star-crowned, by the breezes are fanned
That blow from the gardens of God.

My soul hath looked in, through the gateway of dreams,
On the city all paven with gold,
And heard the sweet flow of its murmurous streams,
As through the green valleys they rolled;
And though it still waits on this desolate strand
A pilgrim and stranger on earth,
Yet it knew, in the glimpse of the Beautiful Land,
That it gazed on the home of its birth.

SWEET Jesus, the word of the Father, the brightness of the paternal glory, whom angels delight to view, teach me to do Thy will; that, led by Thy good Spirit, I may come to that blessed city where day is eternal, where there is certain security, and secure eternity; and eternal peace, and peaceful happiness, and happy sweetness, and sweet pleasure, . . . where is light without darkness, joy without grief, desire without punishment, love without sadness, satiety without loathing, safety without fear, health without disease, and life without death; . . . where Thou, O God! with the Father and the Holy Spirit, livest and reignest world without end. Amen.

GRANT us, O Lord! not to mind earthly things, but to love things heavenly; and even now, while we are placed among things that are passing away, to cleave to those that shall abide; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, — to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

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